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NO. 122.

E. P. OWSLEY.

J. T. CRAIG.

SPRING ANNOUNCEMENT

OWSLEY & CRAIG.

In making this announcement it affords us pleasure to state to our friends and the trade generally that we have in stock a most complete and attractive assortment of **Dry Goods**, one we think that has no superior in Central Kentucky. Our goods have been purchased with much care and with a desire to please our customers, both as to goods and prices, in this we think we have been successful, believing that with our present stock we can please the most fastidious. It is impossible in an ordinary advertisement for us to mention the large number of things to be seen at our store; suffice it to say that it is the most complete stock ever exhibited in Stanford. **Boots and Shoes**—In this line we have a very large and elegant stock, embracing goods made by some of the best manufacturers in the country. **Our Stock of Gents' Furnishing Goods and Hats** is very complete. Also a very elegant stock of Carpets, Wall Paper, Window Shades, Lace Curtains, Curtain Poles, &c. **OWSLEY & CRAIG.**

MCCORMICK HARVESTING MACHINES.

READ THE VERDICT

Lincoln, Garrard, Boyle and Madison Co. Farmers.

WEAREN & MENEFEE,
Stanford, Ky.
W. R. ROBINSON & BRO.,
Lancaster, Ky.

JOHN G. TAYLOR & SON,
Richmond, Ky.
W. J. SALLEE & SON,
Danville, Ky.

The McCormick Twine Binder I purchased of your agent here has given me entire satisfaction. I had a little trouble at first by not knowing how to adjust it, but I finished up in five days. I would not exchange it for any machine I have ever seen. I think farmers are throwing their time and money away in buying any other than the McCormick.

I purchased of your agent one of your 7-ft. Harvesters and Twine Binders. I also bought a 6-ft. Walker A. Wood Harvester and have been running them together, and although the McCormick cut 15 inch more swath than the Wood Machine, it draws much the lightest and does the best and most satisfactory work in every respect. On account of the draft, I put my lightest team in the McCormick and my best team in the Wood. I believe the McCormick to be the best Binder in the market.

I also purchased of your agent one of your 7-ft. Harvesters and Twine Binders. I purchased of your agent here has given entire satisfaction. It is all I could wish of. The draft is much lighter than any machine I have yet seen and no trouble or delays caused by getting out of fix. It is very strong and I believe as good as any machine can be made.

I purchased of your agent here one of your Harvesters and Twine Binders, with which I have harvested 300 acres of grain with less delay, less expense and less trouble than I have ever harvested a crop before. The draft is light and the working is perfect. I think the McCormick is certainly the best Binder and I would advise farmers to buy no other.

The McCormick Harvester and Twine Binder I purchased of your agent has given entire satisfaction and I would not exchange it for any other. I harvested my crop with ease and satisfaction, without delays and vexations, while my neighbors who had other machines were continually stopping for repairs and sending for an expert to help them out of trouble. I would advise farmers to buy the McCormick and save all of this trouble and worry.

The Harvester and Twine Binder I purchased of your agent this season has given me entire satisfaction. It is light draft and perfect in its work. I had no delays, no trouble, nor did I need an expert. It is all that could be expected or desired.

I purchased of your agent here one of your Harvesters and Twine Binders, which has proved itself to be all that you claim for it, giving perfect satisfaction in every respect. No trouble to cut 15 acres of grain per day on land that is ordinarily smooth; no delays on account of imperfect work, as I see in the case with some of my neighbors who have other makes. I consider the McCormick Binder to be the best machine and would advise my farmer friends to buy no other.

The McCormick Harvester and Twine Binder I purchased of your agent, John G. Taylor & Son, has given me perfect satisfaction. We have used it in all kinds of grain and on very rough ground. It runs lighter, is easier handled and saves the grain better than any machine I ever saw. It never fails to bind—it is the machine for the farmer. It has no equal.

I bought of your agent, John G. Taylor & Son, one of your 6-ft. cut Harvesters and Binders, and will say that it does magnificent work; runs light and is easily managed. I cut as much as 20 acres a day. I can recommend it as being a first class self-binder.

The McCormick Binder I purchased of your agent, John G. Taylor & Son, has given me entire satisfaction. I have harvested two large crops with it and find that it is a very light draft as well as a durable machine.

I had heard that the McCormick was the best binder made and the one I bought of your agent, John G. Taylor & Son, has given me entire satisfaction. It runs light and does everything you claim. I recommend it to all.

After looking over all the self-binders on the market, I decided on the McCormick and purchased one from your agent, John G. Taylor & Son. I cut all of my crop (35 acres) and harvested about 30 acres for my neighbor, Sam Fox, Jr. I consider it the best binder in the market and can recommend it to all.

The Harvester and Binder I purchased of your agent, John G. Taylor & Son, has given me entire satisfaction. It is light draft, cuts and binds to perfection, and is easily adjusted for all kinds of grain. I cut one hundred and sixty-five acres with it and this is the second season I have used it. The more I use it, the more I like it, as it seems to do better work. Refer any one to me who is thinking of buying a Binder.

The Harvester and Binder I purchased of your agent, John G. Taylor & Son,

has given me the best satisfaction. It is light draft and cuts and binds clean and neat. The bundles are easy to shock. I cheerfully recommend it as the machine for the farmer to buy, as it has no equal.

The McCormick Binder I purchased of your agent here has given me entire satisfaction in every respect. It cuts and binds grain in the best manner, and is the greatest grain saving machine I ever saw. I heartily recommend it to the farming public.

The McCormick Harvester and Binder I bought of John G. Taylor has proved itself to be a first-class machine. I have cut one hundred and seventy-five acres of grain without any trouble or mishap. I cut in all conditions of grain, up hill and down, on rough and smooth ground, on hillsides and in hollows, and it went like a thing of life. It is light draft and I am fully satisfied that it is the best binder yet made.

The Harvester and Binder I bought of John G. Taylor & Son has given me entire satisfaction and I would not be without it under any consideration whatever. I can harvest one hundred and seventy-five acres of grain now with as much ease and as little time as I could fifty acres three years ago. It is very light draft and I believe will do more work and stand more rough usage than any Binder yet made.

The Harvester and Binder I bought of your agent, John G. Taylor & Son, has given me entire satisfaction and I believe it is the best Binder made. It is light draft and does good cutting and binding.

The McCormick Harvester and Binder I purchased of John G. Taylor & Son has given me entire satisfaction. It is light draft and cuts and binds to perfection.

The McCormick Harvester and Binder I purchased of John G. Taylor has given me entire satisfaction. It is light draft and does superior work on rough as well as smooth land. I have harvested 125 acres of wheat and it rarely missed (using a bundle, cutting and binding the wheat "poik" stalks nearly 10 feet high. I recommend it as a first-class machine and one that will do every day in the week the kind of work claimed for it.

The McCormick Harvester and Binder I purchased of John G. Taylor has given me perfect satisfaction. I have harvested 210 acres of grain, and I am satisfied that I cut over as rough land, as a machine ever cut over, without even giving a section; the field was also full of "poik" and "wider stalks. It is also light draft and I consider it one of the best machines in the market to-day.

The McCormick Harvester and Binder I purchased of John G. Taylor has given me perfect satisfaction. It is light draft, durable and cuts and binds perfectly. It is easily operated and works well in all kinds of grain. I have used mine for three seasons and it works like new.

The McCormick Binder I purchased of John G. Taylor has given me perfect satisfaction. It is very light draft and cuts and binds well in all kinds of grain. I have harvested two hundred acres of grain with it and it has not cost me a dollar for repairs.

The McCormick Harvester and Twine Binder I bought of your agent, John Taylor, in 1881 has cut and bound 800 acres of grain and is ready to go in to another crop and do as good work as it has ever done. The repairs for four years have cost me \$4. It is very light draft for three mules and I don't think it can be beat.

I bought of your agent one of your 6-ft. Harvesters and Binders and I think it beats the world for cutting and binding grain. I stepped in the midst of my harvest and went a fishing, feeling perfectly at ease that as I had a McCormick binder my crop was safe, and I got through without any trouble, cutting one hundred and five acres.

The McCormick Dropper I bought of your agent, John G. Taylor, proves beyond a doubt in my mind that the McCormick is the best machine of the world. My Dropper climbs up and down our river hills with perfect ease with two horses. It is the lightest draft and fastest working reaper I ever saw of your Harvesters and Binders. This season I determined to get a McCormick and do away with my Wood, no matter what the costs might be, and I succeeded in doing so. Have harvested a large crop with my McCormick and never intend to be without a McCormick as long as I am a farmer. My advice to my farmer friends is to buy no other than the McCormick and save all trouble.

I bought of your agent here one of your Harvesters and Twine Binders and cut 100 acres of wheat on very rough ground with four small mules, and they walked along with perfect ease. I never had any trouble or delays and had no use for experts whatever. To say that I am well pleased with my machine is a very mild expression.

My father bought one of your Harvesters and binders, with which I harvested 100 acres of grain on very rough ground, doing all the driving myself, using only three ordinary sized mules and going through the entire harvest with perfect ease and without breaking a casting or losing a tap-in feet, without any delays whatever. I cut over ground that we had never ventured to cut over even with a Dropper. If any one can beat that work I would be glad to hear from them. I have seen the Osborne, Excelsior, Wood and other Binders at work, compared with which the McCormick binder is far superior in every respect. This is the first binder I have ever handled myself, being of course very awkward at first, but notwithstanding this, I got through with the above results.

The Iron Mower I bought of your agent, John G. Taylor, is the best working, fastest running, and lightest draft mower I ever saw. It had a pair of shafts I am satisfied I could work one horse to it and not pull him hard.

I bought of your agent, John G. Taylor, one of your Iron Mowers, also one of your Daisy Reapers, and willingly say that they are the lightest running machines I have ever seen. The work of both in grain and grass is perfect.

I bought a McCormick 7-ft. Harvester and Binder of your agent here, and it affords me pleasure to say that it has given me entire satisfaction. The draft is light, the work perfect, have harvested a crop this season with less trouble, less expense and with more satisfaction than I ever harvested a crop before. I regard the McCormick as the best Binder on the market.

We bought of your agent, G. D. Wearen, in 1881, one of our Harvesters and Binders with which we harvested a large crop that season with scarcely a stop and without the assistance of experts, in fact we are so well pleased with it that the next season we bought of your agent at Lancaster, another of the same make, and with two machines have harvested this season nearly three hundred and fifty acres of grain without delay or expense for repairs. We simply regard the McCormick as the best binder we ever saw. We bought a Walter A. Wood in '81, and after much expense we harvested two crops with it, after which we sold it for what we could get and don't want any more Walter A. Wood in our line.

We have one of your Harvesters and Binders with which we have harvested two large crops on exceedingly rough land with the greatest success, and with comparatively no expense for repairs. Our machine is as good now, and will do as good work as ever it did, and we will say without hesitation that if we ever want another machine it will be the McCormick.

We have one of your Harvesters and Binders which we bought second-hand after it had been used two large crops on exceedingly rough land, too rough for a Binder. We have also harvested two large crops with it without the aid of an expert and without any expense for repairs. We have never seen a Binder to equal the McCormick and if this one ever wears out we want another of the same make.

I have one of your Harvesters and Binders with which I have harvested three large crops in the most satisfactory manner, never giving me any trouble or causing any of the vexations that I see in the case with those who have other manufacture. The McCormick is decidedly the lightest and simplest Binder I have ever seen.

The undersigned, each having purchased of your agent, G. D. Wearen, one of your Daisy Reapers, we now desire to add our testimony as to their wonderful merits as a reaping machine. As to lightness of draft we have never seen anything to compare with them, a small team of mules or horses being sufficient to draw them all day with perfect ease, cutting 4 acres a day on smooth land. They do perfect work in every respect where they are properly handled, and have given us entire satisfaction, and we would say to the farmers generally, if your crops are not sufficient to justify you in buying a binder then I have one of your Iron Mowers which I have used in cutting woods and not withstanding I have cut large crops of grain, used it in cutting woods and not withstanding it is still in good repair and has not cost me anything for repairs whatever, except for sections. It is durable, light draft, and not excelled by any mower of which I have any knowledge.

I have one of your Iron Mowers with which I have harvested a large crop of grain with four seasons and it has always done the best of work. I do not believe that I did better work this last season than ever before. The McCormick is certainly entitled to the premium for durability and light draft.

I purchased this season of your agent one of your Harvesters and Twine Binders with which I have harvested about 100 acres of grain on a very rough piece of land, with three mules, and the draft was very light. I had no use for experts, had no trouble and am delighted with my machine, would not exchange it for any I have yet seen. I would advise farmers to buy the McCormick binder if they want to save trouble and money.

Each of your agent here one of your Harvesters and Twine Binders, and all of us pronounce it to be the best binder on the market. It is light, easy to handle, very durable, and does as much and as clean work as could be wished. We have seen various binders of other make in the field, but think the McCormick surpasses them all in every respect.

Gov. McCreary.

While the river and harbor bill was under discussion last week in Congress, Mr. McCreary addressed the body as follows:

Mr. Chairman, my colleague from Kentucky [Mr. Woodford] has referred to the next paragraph of the bill, which provides for an appropriation of \$250,000 for the benefit of the Kentucky River; and he remarked that if this amount is allowed for the Kentucky River there ought to be an appropriation of \$10,000 for the South Fork of the Cumberland River. There is a very decided difference between these rivers. The Kentucky River is the longest river in Kentucky; and while I will say at the outset I have no objection to the amendment proposed by my colleague, yet I feel it my duty to speak in behalf of the amount proposed to be appropriated for the Kentucky River.

The river flows for over 100 miles through the district I have the honor to represent on this floor. That river and its tributaries drain thirty-two counties of the State of Kentucky, and a majority of the counties drained by it are filled with inexhaustible quantities of coal and iron. The State of Kentucky has more square miles of coal land than any other State in this Union or any other single country in the world. The State of Pennsylvania has 12,630 square miles of coal land, and the State of Kentucky has 13,000 square miles of coal land.

Mr. BROWN, of Pennsylvania. I ask that Alabama be excepted.

Mr. McCREARY. I except no State, because I know whereof I speak when I say the geological reports of the various States in the Union will show that Kentucky has more square miles of coal than any other State in the Union, Pennsylvania not excepted. It has but 6,000 square miles of

coal land, and Kentucky has twice as many square miles as England.

Her vast coal fields are divided into two divisions, known as the eastern and western divisions. The eastern division comprises 10,000 square miles of coal land. It is this eastern division the Kentucky River and its tributaries drain.

The finest canal coal district in the world is in the vicinity of the Kentucky River. While canal coal is found in other parts of the world in pockets, the canal coal on this river and its tributaries is found in great continuous veins from 4 to 7 feet thick.

In the counties of Morgan, Wolfe and Breathitt, in the district represented by my friend and colleague [Mr. Taulbee], are veins of canal coal from 5 to 7 feet thick. In looking coal the counties on the upper waters of the Kentucky River excel almost any other part of the country, there being in that part of the State three times as much coal found as is found in any other State of the Union.

Iron ore of the very best quality is found in great abundance in the counties drained by the Kentucky River. For car-wheel purposes, and for steel rails, and for cutlery, the iron of that region is not excelled. For years there has been a demand for it at Sheffield, in England, where it is used in manufacturing fine cutlery. That country also has splendid forests.

The CHAIRMAN. The gentleman's time has expired.

Mr. McCREARY. I hope the committee will give me one moment more to conclude my remarks.

Mr. RANDALL. I take the floor and yield my five minutes to the gentleman from Kentucky.

Mr. McCREARY. I thank the gentleman.

Mr. Chairman, the hills and valleys of

many counties about the head-waters of the Kentucky River are covered with magnificent forests which make the very best lumber. In some of these counties you find timber in its pristine loveliness, almost untouched by the ax of the woodman. There are on the headwaters of the Kentucky River thousands of acres of white pine. Last year there were shipped down the Kentucky River, even with the present facilities for transportation, over 2,000,000 feet of lumber.

The people of that region need an outlet. No friendly railroad has been extended into that section. The only outlet the people have is the Kentucky River. They must ship their iron and coal and lumber down that river in order to find a market. Four locks and dams have been built on this river and two are now being built with money appropriated by Congress, and the proposed appropriation, which has received, I understand, the endorsement of the entire Committee on Rivers and Harbors, gives to the Kentucky River \$250,000 to continue that much-needed improvement. No person who is familiar with the facts can doubt the necessity for this appropriation. It will be a great benefit to a large scope of the country and a blessing to many people.

—Pleasant B. Johnson has been appointed postmaster at Berea.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

We emphatically guarantee Dr. March's Cataplasma, a Female Remedy, a cure Female Diseases, such as Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacement or bearing down feeling, Irregularities, Barrenness, Change of Life, Leucorrhoea, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like Headache, Bloating, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by Druggists. Price \$1 and \$1.50 per bottle. Send to Dr. J. B. March, Utica, N. Y., for pamphlet, free. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

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STORE-ROOM CROWDED FROM FLOOR TO CEILING.

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And the Prices named almost take your breath for Cheapness. Our sole ambition is to

See How Much We can Sell for a Dollar!

We Keep Everything Pertaining to a First-Class Dry Goods Store, with a Full and Complete Shoe, Hat and Clothing Department Attached!

Our goods are the best and we only know how to lead in LOW PRICES. We could never learn to follow. We want to achieve success by deserving it. We don't expect to get rich in a day. We almost swap dollars with our customers, we sell at so small a profit, still we have no bad debts and find ourselves gaining in strength as a business House all the time.

The Calicoes and Cottons we sell to our customers at 5 cents a yard are worth that by the car-load, except the discount we get off for cash.

We think we can sell you Shoes and Clothing at a saving of from \$3 to \$5 over city prices. Our low prices on Shoes of every description are the marvel of the age. All the fine Lace Curtains and beautiful White Goods that sold so low in the auction will be closed out cheap. If you pay cash and want to see how far a dollar will go, call at

S. L. Powers & Co.'s Great Bargain Store,

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

W. P. WALTON.

SOMETIME ago when the question of prohibiting base ball playing on Sunday was before the Legislature, we protested against Louisville or any other city being exempted from the provision of the law, when Brer. Logan, of the Times, made fun of our old foggy ideas and suggested that the people of Louisville could not find recreation in our favorite amusement of mumble-the-peg in the mint patch on the Sunday afternoons of a hot summer. This is what happened in Brer. Logan's moral city last Sunday according to his own paper: Six thousand spectators—hoodlums, Legislators and ladies—attended Sunday base ball in this city, and becoming displeased with the decisions of the umpire, converted themselves into a howling mob. It became violent, and the police found it necessary to keep the crowd from rushing on the field and mobbing the umpire. Cat-calls and yells and stamping of feet made the grand stand a bedlam until the end of the game. There were three fights in rapid succession, and people began a stampede. This excitement had the effect of rattling the visitors and they became nervous enough to allow the home boys to make four scores. This was enough to disgust even Brer. Logan, who in his usually forcible manner denounces such desecration of the Lord's day and demands that Sunday base ball shall be prohibited. We have always contended that horse racing, theatricals and circuses should as well be permitted to break the Sabbath as base ball players, as not one of them is more demoralizing and vicious in its tendencies. Let the base ballers and their followers do their bawling in the six days allotted for labor and amusement and make them remember the Sabbath, even if they do not keep it holy.

THE Knights of Labor have gone through the formality of declaring the strike off at St. Louis, when it had declared itself off more than a month ago. The Congressional committee advised it and the chiefs of the order were but too willing to comply, as it gave them a loop hole to get out of a very damaging defeat to them. The men have applied for work, and Mr. Hoxie, general manager, has issued orders to reemploy as many as are needed, giving the preference to those who own homes along the line of the road. As the company had secured about 11,000 new employees in place of the strikers, less than 4,000 of the 15,000 who struck will be able to get their old places. The strike has proved a terrible boomerang to the strikers. It was almost without excuse in the first place and its continuance was a piece of stubbornness inexcusable.

It is gratifying to know that Z. T. Young, who figured so uneventfully in the Rowan county troubles, will not be commonwealth's attorney of the district next term. Returns from all the counties of the Mayeville Judicial district are to the effect A. E. Cole, of Mayeville, for Circuit Judge, and James Salles, of the same town for Prosecuting Attorney, have secured a majority of the delegated votes, and will be nominated to the respective offices named at a convention to be held at Carlisle, May 11.

SENATOR BECK has published a card in the Lexington Press to correct some misrepresentations that he accuses Judge Charles Kincaid of constantly making in regard to him. He says "perhaps that correspondent thinks (if he can think) that he is pleasing somebody by misrepresenting me. I have not noticed him before, and would not now, but for the fact that other papers than the one he represents are taking his dispatches for true."

AFTER passing a law to make gambling a felony, the Legislature enacted a bill containing a clause which permitted the licensing of pool rooms in Louisville, but Gov. Knott detected the inconsistency and vetoed the bill. It is a cold day when an objectionable enactment passes the eagle eye of the executive and it is well for such a legislature as he has to watch, that he is always on the alert.

WE had no idea anyone would be silly enough to construe as a slur the little pleasantries we tried to get off on the Louisville Times' effort at printing the names of the prospective republican candidates for judicial offices in this district. Both Col. Morrow and Capt. Herndon understood it as both know that we have always entertained the most friendly feelings for them.

THE withdrawal of the nomination of Warren Green to the Kanagawa Consularship is a partial effort to right the wrong of his appointment. A haem-scram fellow, with no appreciation of the honor of an obligation, pecuniary or otherwise, is not the sort of a man to represent the United States in any capacity whatever.

BOTH Houses have resolved to pack their tents and steal away from Frankfort, May 17. God hasten the time and may he never permit us to be cursed with another such manager.

MARTIN IRONS denies that he has been expelled from the Knights of Labor, but if it were true it would be all the better for the Knights. Irons is a low-down agitator.

A NUMBER of the socialistic leaders, including Schwab and Spies have been arrested and are in jail at Chicago. They should be made to swing at once from the gallows.

BULLY for the Senate! It defeated the infamous parole bill passed by the House to turn most of the convicts loose upon an unoffending public.

GEN. LONGSTREET, who fought gallantly for the Lost Cause through the war, but who became so thoroughly reconstructed afterwards as to be taken into the republican fold and given a fat office, appeared at the great Southern gathering in a full suit of the Confederate uniform that he wore while fighting the best government the world ever saw. As he is truly loyal this has not alarmed the radical and vernal northern press at all, but they continue to abuse and vilify Mr. Davis and will use his utterances for all they are worth from now on till the fall elections. This class of cattle would do well to ponder on what Gen. Longstreet said during the ceremonies: "This occasion is a revival of a harmless but beautiful sentiment. The old soldiers wanted to get together again, and this was perhaps the best occasion for a meeting. It means no disrespect to any other section of the country, nor is there an evidence of disloyalty in the display. We all recognize that the war is over, and that all the questions then submitted for decision to the sword are forever settled. Mr. Davis, growing old, the people were anxious to see him once again, and this was the best time to do it. Probably it is his last appearance among us. That is all this demonstration means, and the right to this celebration by both the young and the old will everywhere be acknowledged. It means nothing more than a reunion of old comrades and the revival of never fading memories."

THE police attempted to disperse a riotous assembly at Chicago, composed of strikers, agitators and socialists, which responded by throwing dynamite bombs into their midst, killing four of them outright and wounding many others. They then opened a fusillade with revolvers, but the police returned the fire and put them to flight with the loss of several killed and wounded. The greatest excitement prevailed and the whole city was thrown almost into a panic. Chicago has permitted these cut throats and refuse of creation to hold Sunday meetings and plot murder, rapine, arson and robbery and the riot is but the natural outcome of such scoundrels grown bold by the failure of the authorities to disperse and punish the dirty crew. If the police can not bring them into subjection, the State troops should be brought to bear and failing the Federal forces should be ordered to the scene and mow them down right and left. The socialist spirit must be nipped in the bud or anarchy and continued bloodshed will result all over the country.

WE present in another column a card from Mr. Waddle, late candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney, which settles beyond cavil his position in the premises. Such a card was expected as it is customary in close races especially for the defeated candidate to avow his acceptance of the situation and bow cheerfully to the decision of the majority. We have all along said that Mr. Waddle would not do otherwise than accept the result in a proper manner, but thought that some expression from him was due under the circumstances.

THE bill to continue the Geological Survey and limit the appropriation to \$10,000 per annum, passed the House easily, notwithstanding the efforts of Mr. Bobbitt, Mr. Merridith and others of that ilk, who made speeches in opposition. The Survey has been of incalculable benefit to the State and its continuance ought never even to have been questioned.

THE result of the primary in Ohio county gives Judge L. P. Little the democratic nomination for Circuit Judge by 129 majority over Capt. Owen. Little carried Ohio by 621 votes. The Owensboro papers can now resume their normal conservatism and let up on wool pulling for a season.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

—The House has passed the Senate bill for the benefit of D. B. Edmiston, committee for George Delaney, of Lincoln county.

—Maj. Rigney has offered a bill to take the sense of the voters of Casey county as to the propriety of moving the county seat from the present location to the town Yosemite in said county.

—Both Houses have passed a bill which provides that officers of the court, and parties to the action, who are witnesses in the case, shall not be excluded from the court room during the taking of the testimony.

—Representative Williams has withdrawn the bill to add Taylor county to the Eighth Judicial district. In this connection I desire to say that Mr. Alcorn, the democratic nominee for Circuit Judge in the Eighth district, had nothing whatever to do with the introduction of the bill. He is satisfied with his district as at present constituted, and will be elected by a thousand majority over any Republican that can be put against him.—[Frankfort correspondent Louisville Times.]

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Mayor W. T. Hanley, of Mt. Sterling, is dead.

—Mr. Ezra Offutt, an aged citizen of Georgetown, died Wednesday.

—There are four negroes on the grand jury now in session in Louisville.

—Henry Wolford, city treasurer of Louisville, is 82 years old and has held office for 59 consecutive years.

—A colored convict at the Kenesee mines was killed and a white one shot by the guards as they ran in effort to escape.

—Representative McCreary is talked of as Beck's successor in the Senate; but he says, "I am a candidate for Congress; one thing at a time."

—The lumbermen on strike made a movement Wednesday on the McCormick Reaper Works and a serious collision with the police resulted. The disorder was stimulated by the Socialistic element which has for some time been seeking an opportunity for display. A number of the strikers were wounded.

—Representative J. W. Throckmorton, of the Fifth Texas district, has announced that he will not be a candidate for re-election to Congress.

—The militia fired into a mob of strikers at Milwaukee, Wis., killing two and wounding three. That is the surest and only way to put an end to lawlessness.

—Senator Kenna has been selected chairman of the Democratic Congressional Committee and Gen. Goff, of the Republican Committee. Both are West Virginians.

—Senator Ingalls' resolution for changing inauguration day from March 4 to April 30 has been favorably reported by the committee on privileges and elections.

—John W. Black, the man who was shot by John Charles, in a difficulty in Jackson county last Sunday, has since died. Charles escaped from the guard and is at large.

—It will be a happy day when Kentucky has a Governor who does not know more about the merits of a felony case than the court which tried it.—[Covington Commonwealth.]

—The House passed a bill Tuesday imposing a license tax of from \$500 to \$1,000 per annum upon sleeping-car companies doing business in Kentucky, which is pretty steep as is the fare on such cars.

—It is announced that Hon. Stanley Matthews, of the United States supreme court, is to be married to the widow of Judge T. C. Theaker, who was commissioner of patents under President Lincoln.

—The seventh May Musical Festival will be held at Cincinnati, May 18-22. Besides the distinguished soloists, there will be 600 trained singers. Season tickets \$10, single seat \$2.50. Low rates by all the railroads, especially the O. & M.

—Ool. Oscar Turner, after defying the Democratic organization of the First district for ten years, and seeing there is no hope for him in the future on that line, has concluded to submit his claims to the democratic primary in the Congressional contest this summer. This is like death-bed repentance.—[Owensboro Messenger.]

To the Democrats of the 8th Judicial District.

I have learned that in certain quarters it is charged that I have not accepted the result of the late primary in good faith. I desire to say that I cheerfully submit to the result as declared and I hope and expect that my friends will accord to my late competitor the same hearty support in the final contest as they would have expected from his friends if I had been successful. With the profoundest gratitude to those who supported me and the kindest of feelings for all, I am Your Obedient Servant, O. H. WADDLE.

MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

—Lewis Sowder, who was sent from this county sometime ago to the Lunatic Asylum, has returned and seems to be perfectly sane. Says he was well cared for while there.

—John Lunsford, who sued the L. & N. R. R. Company for \$300 for injuries sustained by a hand car running over him, has compromised with the Company, which pays his doctor bills and gives him a job of work on a section.

—J. W. Brown has returned from Indianapolis, where he took his little nephew, Wade Mallins, to the National Surgical Institute for treatment. They can cure him in six months; he is badly crippled. Mr. B. brought him back, but will take him again.

—News has reached here that David O. Gibson has been arrested at Dwarf, Perry county, for dealing unlawfully in pension claims. Mr. Gibson formerly lived in this county and was sent from here to the Joliet, Ill., Penitentiary, where he served a term of 5 years for the same offense.

—Rev. Oscar Duval procured license here this morning to marry Miss Lizzie Pryor at Wilmore Chapel next Sunday at 10 A. M. They live in the Copper Creek neighborhood. Mr. Duval is a young minister of the M. E. Church South and quite an able one too. Miss Pryor is an accomplished and amiable young lady and calculated to make a man a model wife. May prosperity and happiness attend their pathway through life.

—Jim Frazer was appointed town marshal instead of James Croncher. Mr. C. is at Greenwood guarding convicts and would not accept the place. Jim will make a good officer and will bring the boys to time. E. B. Smith was appointed attorney. Only one suit has been brought in the police court. Walter Tumlin swore out a warrant for the arrest of Cynthia Fry for using abusive language to his wife. The case was called to-day, but for some cause it was put off till Saturday. Cynthia was required to give a bond in the sum of \$100. This is said to be a good case to break in the officers.

—Mrs. C. S. Nield was at her father's Mr. Jack Adams, Saturday. Miss Susie B. Woodard visited Mrs. J. W. Brown, Friday. Mr. F. L. Thompson and wife have returned from Lincoln and Garrard, where they have been visiting relatives and friends. Mrs. M. C. Bragg is at her daughter's, Mrs. R. E. Thompson's, in Garrard county. Mr. M. J. Miller, wife and daughter have returned from Garrard, where they went to see their daughter, Mrs. James Adams, who was quite sick. She is much better. I am glad to note Miss Clara Whitehead's recovery. She is walking around again.

—S. F. Wishard, State Visitor for the Kentucky Sunday School Union, was here Tuesday in the interest of the S. S. cause and delivered an address at night to a good audience. His talk was good, his singing beautiful. A Sunday School Convention will be held at this place some time in this month. Will announce the time in a few days. "All who are interested in the S. S. work are invited to assist in the convention, especially the superintendents and

teachers of the different schools of the county. I am glad to say that more interest is being manifested in this county in the Sunday-school cause than ever before. This is the main object of S. S. Conventions, to arouse the christian people to a sense of their duty in stirring up more interest in the work. Misses Mattie Williams, Ida Adams and T. N. Roberts are appointed a committee on arrangements, invitations, etc.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

—Editor M. D. Hughes is on the sick list this week. The News shows a decided improvement accordingly.

—"Old Nick," a venerable grey horse, the property of Eggleman & Farria, died Tuesday morning. He was valued at \$150.

—The rumor that the Howley Rifles will be ordered to Chicago to quell the disturbance there is unfounded in every respect.

—The County Sunday School Convention will be held at the Christian church in this place on Wednesday, May 19th. All the people are invited to attend.

—What Lancaster needs and wants most is a real live base-ball club. There are lots of good material around town which ought to be utilized to some good advantage and if anything can bring glory to a place it is a base-ball club.

—We may be mistaken but we don't think we are; everything points to it and we have got it dead straight that two of Lancaster's belles will marry in a very few weeks. The young ladies in question don't live far apart and we would gladly give their names were we allowed to do so.

—Miss Lizzie Simpson, of Lebanon, is visiting Misses Mattie and Sallie Denny, near Hyattsville. Col. John H. Woodcock has gone to Somerset on business. Mr. James W. Miller, of Etta, Mo., is visiting relatives and friends here. Mrs. M. L. Granger has returned from San Antonio, Texas. Miss Anna Vaughan has returned from Christianburg.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—George Lee for assaulting and otherwise abusing John Cowan was fined \$10 in the police court this morning. Both colored.

—Mr. John A. Heron, of the Citizens National Bank, has returned from a visit of several week to his mother and sister, who live in Memphis.

—The first spring game of base ball between the Centre College nine and the town nine will take place on the College ground to-morrow.

—Mr. G. W. Welsh, Jr., lost his fine Jersey cow by death Wednesday morning. She was a very fine animal and cost \$600 at McCormick's sale when a two-year-old.

—Messrs. Samuel and Lapsley McKee and Alex. Irvine, who have been attending Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J., arrived here last night to spend their vacation.

—Mr. J. J. Robertson, of Harrodsburg, and Miss Anna D. Ennis, of this county, obtained license to marry on the 4th inst. The parties are to be married this (Thursday) evening at the home of the bride's father, Mr. George Ennis.

—R. M. Fisher and James Gentry to-day shipped two fine yearling colts to Lexington to be disposed of at B. G. Bruce's sale on Saturday. Mr. Fisher's colt is by Harry O'Fallon out of Bettie B. by Imp. Buckden; Mr. Gentry's by Jils Johnson, dam by Tom Bowling.

—Mr. E. I. K. Moore, of this county, and Miss Dora L. King, of Garrard county obtained marriage license on the 31 and were married at Lexington yesterday. The bride has taught school in this county for some months past. The groom is a son of Mr. J. B. Moore, of this county.

—A walking match took place on Tuesday at Rue's trotting track, which is 1/2 of a mile round. Messrs. Robert and Ben Blake-man, John Nash and Benj. Waldrige were the contestants. Mr. Waldrige took in the first money and Mr. Nash the second. The distance walked was 22 miles.

—"Mambrino Startle," owned by David Bonner, of New York, and in charge of Cecil Bros. of this place, has been very ill for some days past with "pink-eyes" complicated, perhaps, with pneumonia. Dr. Tsggord, the celebrated veterinary surgeon of Lexington, has been to see him this week. Yesterday he was thought to be a little better.

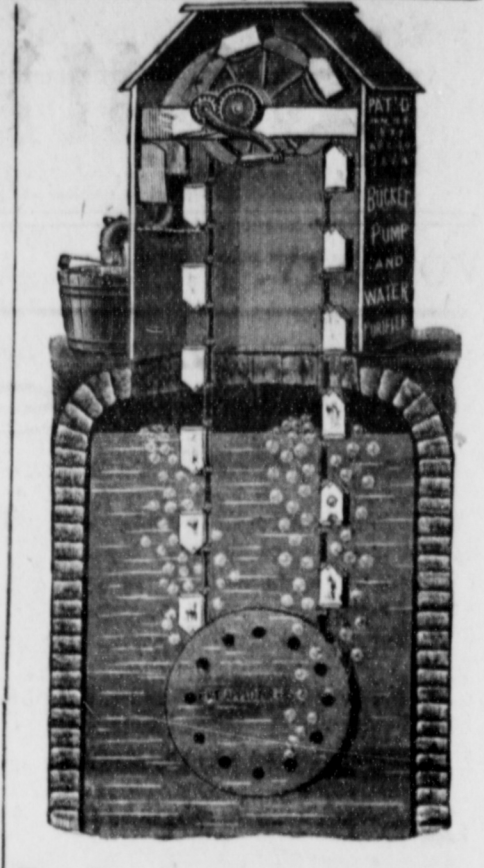
—Dr. Harvey Mills is the senior partner and general manager of an establishment on the corner of Main and Third street that undoubtedly supplies a long felt want in Danville. Nearly everything calculated to tickle the palates of old and young is kept constantly on hand. Only one article is lacking as yet and that article is to be supplied in the near future, and the name of it is "PIE."

—Mr. Samuel Linebaugh and Miss Mamie Swanson eloped from here on Tuesday morning, taking the 1 o'clock train for Louisville, at Junction City. They were married that evening at Jeffersonville. The bride is a grand-daughter of Col. J. H. Thomas and was visiting the family of that gentleman at the time she and her lover departed for Indiana. The bride's parents live in Russellville as does the family of Mr. Linebaugh and the happy couple are now in that city basking in the sunshine of parental forgiveness.

—Mr. Snow, a brakeman on a passenger train on the Cincinnati Southern railroad, was tried before County Judge Lee and jury on Tuesday on a charge of using language toward John Denny, of color, calculated to provoke an assault. It seems that Denny got on the train at Junction City to come to Danville and refused to pay the fifteen cents the company requires of all passengers who fail to procure tickets before entering the cars. After the conductor prepared to put him off Denny managed to take up the additional nickel which he paid and when he reached Danville he instituted the prosecution referred to. The jury thought there was nothing in the case and promptly acquitted Mr. Snow.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can not be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alums or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.,
145 Wall Street, N. Y.



The Bucket Pump & Water Purifier

Is an improvement on any Pump or Elevator yet invented. The cups descending full of air and ascending full of water, circulates the air from bottom to top of cistern or well, removing wiggles, water bugs, and rendering the water pure, refreshing all color, had taste or smell. This Pump has an improved chain; no links to get twisted; each cup is soldered permanently, and instead of a link, a flat piece of galvanized iron is used. Do not purchase a pump until you see this.
Very respectfully,
W. H. HIGGINS.

NEWCOMB HOTEL
MT. VERNON, KY.

This old and well-known Hotel is still maintaining its fine reputation. Charges reasonable. Special attention to the traveling public.
M. P. NEWCOMB, Prop'r,
Mt. Vernon, Ky.

Millinery.

I have just returned from the city and I cordially invite you to call and see my Elegant Line of Millinery before buying. I also call attention to my finely selected stock of Ladies' Underwear and Notions, Handkerchiefs, Collars, Cuffs and Corsets of different styles. Ladies' White Embroidered Dresses. I can be found at my store in the room lately vacated by the post-office.
MRS. KATE DUDDER,
Stanford, Ky.

Buy Your Flour
FROM
W. N. POTTS & CO.
RONANZA MILLS, - - - RICHMOND, KY.

They have a new Patent Process Mill and make first class Flour, which they sell at bottom prices. Mr. J. D. Mitchell travels for them in this section and would be glad to serve his old friends and many new ones.
(10-1m)

WEAREN & MENEFFEE,
—Dealers in all kinds of—
Farming Implements and Machinery,

Fine Buggies, Carriages,
—SURREYS—
Spring Wagons, Buck Boards, Farm Wagons,
Grain, Wool, Seeds, Feed, Coal, Lumber, Etc.

TO GET THE BEST BARGAINS
—Is the one that carries the largest and—
BEST STOCK of GOODS

Our facilities for buying and the discounts on the great quantities we buy enables us to give better prices than any one.

We do not aim to sell at same price as any other merchant,
—But we—
MEAN TO CUT PRICES

Straight through on all goods handled by us. We have now the largest stock ever brought to this city and all we ask you is to call and examine our goods.

METCALF & FOSTER.
Penny & M'Alister
PHARMACISTS,
Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles.
Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded.
—Also—
JEWELERS.
The Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware
Ever brought to this market. Prices Lower than the Lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired on short notice and Warranted.

GEO. O. BARNES.

"Praise the Lord. God is Love and Nothing Else."

KANDY, CEYLON, March 9, 1888.
DEAR INTERIOR.—We are up in "the mountains" again; though, this time, not at any chilling altitude—Kandy being only about 2,000 feet above the sea level. It is rather hot here too, Kandy being in a saucer, with high hills about it, that shut off the breeze blowing on top; while there is no little radiation of heat going on from the hill sides into the pretty valley below. But the climate is not of that muggy, enervating kind we experienced at Colombo, and the nights are not the close, panting, stuffy, perspiring seasons, that come down upon a poor fellow there, when the sea-breeze dies out, like being smothered in feathers. One must go high up in Ceylon—to Nuera-Elija—6,000 feet—before getting a full mountain climate. But the advantage of Kandy is, that here, one is in a very healthful spot, where all the luxuriance of full tropical vegetation is combined with the comfort of the temperate zone, as nowhere else, perhaps. Certainly, I have met no such charming place in all my travels, in the tropics.

I do not wonder that the old Kings of Kandy fought for it, and declined to be ejected from this little earthly paradise, by either Portuguese or Dutch. For the 150 years of the occupancy of the former they hankered after Kandy, and, again, and again tried to take it—but always failed. I, this morning, rode by an old battle ground, where their forces were defeated, after penetrating almost to the Capital; the entire army put to the sword, and their severed heads heaped in a spot still shown. Then the Dutch succeeded to the place of the "power paramount," in Ceylon; traded much, improved much; but never could outstare the sturdy Kandy mountaineers. For 150 years more they ruled the lowlands, until Ephraim came. In less than 20 years after British occupancy, the last of the Kandian King was deposed and exiled. Like Theebaw, in Burmah, the cup of his iniquities ran over, and the sturdy conquerors—whose God given mission is to right the wrongs of the nations, and to "let the oppressed go free"—stepped in to avenge the heaped up wrongs of his oppressed subjects. In 1815, this lovely and ancient capital became the sanitarium of the imperial race that won it from its former owners, and the dynasty vanished, to respect, no more.

Kandy was the centre of both church and State in its time. An ancient Buddhist temple still stands, fronting our Hotel, where Buddha's tooth is supposed to repose in a casket, rich with gold and precious stones. Thither devotees from all quarters, still flock, and the shrine continues to attract worshippers, with more than a shadow of its old popularity. Last night, chaperoned by one of the influential gentlemen of the city, we went through it. We were specially interested in the extensive library of Buddhist literature and theology, contained in hundreds of portly volumes, looking very like huge folios, with silver backs; but, when examined, turn out to be palm leaves—about two feet long and 4 inches wide; strung upon two stout cords, exquisitely written on the long way, and silver bound on the two edges. Set up in handsome library cases, the appearance was not unlike that of other books, only the silver binding had a unique look. The Buddhist priests, in their flowing yellow silk robes, treated us most courteously, and seemed glad to show us through the place—perhaps for our chap-ones sake. In one room we saw an image of Buddha, about a foot high, cut out of a single block of crystal. Back of this famous temple, the palace of the Kandian Kings still stands, though now used as a law court. A spacious lawn, or small park—now used as a promenade and cricket ground—stretches out in front of the temple, where the people used to assemble and worship to the King, as he showed his august person on a circular balcony just in front of the shrine.

The most exquisitely beautiful thing about Kandy is its lake. The ancient kings built a dam across the valley and confined the waters of the pretty mountain streams that feed it, and then and now, made by so doing, a lovely sheet of water, about a mile long and two or three hundred yards wide. Opposite the king's palace, an artificial island added its charm to the general scenery; and the king's bathing establishment, within easy reach of the royal residence, still stands on the margin of the lake. The present proprietors have done for this, as for all their possessions in the East—viz. laid down splendid roads. The views from various points on the hill sides, where these winding drives penetrate, are exquisitely beautiful. I can not give an adequate idea of the varied charms of the wondrous flora of this island. Here, nowhere else, the variety is in amazing richness. The "jack" with its stately growth, and huge fruit growing from the rock and branches without paying attention to the ordinary dependence from branches; the grand "bread fruit" with great serrated leaves of deepest green, and fruit, also of considerable though not prodigious size; the ubiquitous "cocoanut palm" with its rich clusters—green or gold according to the stage of maturity—but over the queen of the luxuriant fruitage of the tropics. Then the coconuts; the coffee; the cinchona; (from which comes quinine) the lovely yellow bamboo, rare elsewhere, but indigenous here; the mango; and a long list, that time would fail me to describe. The beautiful hill sides are crowded with all these, not to mention bananas in great profusion. Oh! it is almost a distress to try to convey to my readers this scene of loveliness, when "pen and paper" are so helpless, not to speak of the numskull behind them, engendering what "he is pleased to call" his brain, for terms and forms of speech, that may attain the unsatisfactory.

Well; touching the first three in my catalogue—for it only amounts to that, without the exhaustiveness or precision of that useful document—the saying herewith is, that a native can "support a family"—if he has one—on one "Jack," one "bread-fruit" and two "cocoanut" trees. His actual need for eating will be abundantly supplied by these.

I see in this equable, equatorial climate, almost the abolition of the seasons—so sharply defined with us. The trees do not drop their leaves en masse and go to bed for a winter's rest and recuperation. The leaves grow old and disappear while the young ones are coming on. The tree is always green, though with varying shades—the tender callow of the infant shoots, prettily contrasting with ranker depths of emerald, in their elders. On the mango tree in front of my window, as I write, I see, 1st, fruit nearly or quite grown; 2d, small mangoes the size of marbles; 3d, abundance of flowers for the main crop, later on; 4th, old deep green leaves; 5th, soft young ditto—just beginning life or though full size looking tender and immature. And all this on the same tree at the same time. It quite confuses one who has been used to alternations separated and emphasized by sharp dividing lines. I think of "12 manners of fruit, and yielding its fruit every month," in this connection. Perhaps this is the clue to its meaning.

There is one drawback to the grand mountain road and its transcendent views that astonishes me not a little, because it is unlike British improvements elsewhere. There is little or no protection on the precipitous side, and I passed scores of places yesterday afternoon in our drive where frightful accidents might happen. Indeed we almost witnessed a catastrophe, that gave me a shudder, every time I recall it. A single horse carry-all—well laden with Ayahs and about half a dozen little children, was making a turn, when the horse took a notion to back. There was a sheer declivity of 30 feet, just where the vehicle was bound to; if the horse kept on in his obstinate freak. Happily—rather more providentially—Will happened to be on foot, saw the peril, sprang forward, grasped the animal's head firmly and led him forward, just as the hind wheel was poised on the fatal edge, for a downward plunge. I never witnessed a narrower escape. The whole thing happened while one could count ten, and the horse went on without further trouble. The children didn't even know they had been in danger, but were laughing and chatting, even on the dizzy verge of an instant death. What a type of what occurs every day to us all. We shall never know, the full truth of God's protecting care.

"Till we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then LORD, shall we fully know
Not till then how much we owe."

Our hearts stopped beating, for a while, as we saw the helpless, thoughtless party about to perish, miserably. No calamity has yet occurred by the neglect of simple precautions for safety. Perhaps, when a carriage load goes over, some day, the precipices will be fenced off.

[CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE.]

The Danville and Crab Orchard Turnpike.
[To the Editor of the Interior Journal.]
It is now about 50 years since this road was finished and opened for travel. It has survived all its original projectors, all its original individual stockholders, and its first Board of Directors. In furnishing facilities for travel and enhancing the value of the land of the citizens of the county, it has been of incalculable benefit. It has supported itself and kept itself in good repair. It has a history and it is worthy of record. It was the first turnpike constructed in this part of the State, as well as among the first of such roads in the State. As chartered by the Legislature it extended from Harrodsburg, on the Frankfort and Louisville turnpike in Anderson county, to Crab Orchard in Lincoln county. It passed through the three counties of Anderson, Mercer and Lincoln and a distinct and separate Board of Internal Improvements was authorized for each of the three counties, to control and manage the part of the road lying within their county.

The length of the road in this county is 20 miles and it has always had four toll-gates—one near Danville, one on each side of Stanford and one near Crab Orchard. The shares of stock were fixed at \$50 each, and the shares of stock now owned in the road represent the money expended in its construction. The State owns 1,042 shares at \$50 each, \$52,100; county owns 100 shares at \$50 each, \$5,000; individuals 975 shares at \$50 each, \$48,750. Total, 2,117 shares cost \$105,850. Thus there are 2,117 shares of stock in the road, and divided between the State, the county and individuals as shown above. The 20 miles of road cost \$105,850, of which the State contributed very nearly one half. The cost per mile was \$5,292.50, which is more than twice as much as any of the subsequent roads constructed in the county have cost.

Although the old dirt road was bad and in many places well nigh impassable in the winter time, even on horseback, yet it was a new enterprise and many people looked upon it as they do on all new things, involving the laying out of a large sum of money. Others were entirely indifferent to it and would take no stock in it. Others did not believe it would be a good investment of money and would not touch it. Others, although not believing that the stock would pay good dividends, yet believing that the road would be of great advantage to the county, invested their money in the enterprise, and it required the very persistent efforts of all such to procure the

necessary stock. But after the stock had been obtained and the road laid out, another very grave difficulty met the original board of directors. The road as laid out by the engineer did not follow the course of the old dirt road. It opened a new lane 50 feet wide on all the farms through which it passed from Danville to Crab Orchard. The owners of the land did not desire any such lane, and it required time and effort to secure their consent. In some cases consent could not be obtained and a resort was had to juries to assess the damage. But after all the difficulties had been surmounted, and the road finished, it was demonstrated, from the cost of the road that the stock could never pay a good dividend; others believed that it could not keep itself in repair. In this region it was an untried experiment. The road had nothing to depend upon but the current tolls. It was not absolutely certain that this would be sufficient to pay all expenses and keep the road in good repair.

The first Board of directors was composed chiefly of its original projectors. There were four things before the Board: 1st, to collect all legitimate tolls; 2d, to keep the road in good repair; 3d, to reduce the expenses of management and the cost of repairs to the lowest practicable point; 4th, to keep the road out of debt, and to divide the surplus, if any, among the stockholders. The members of the Board received no compensation for their services except the small pitance of the toll of themselves and families. The President of the Board, whose duty it was to collect all tolls from the gate-keepers, on the first of each month—to superintend all repairs of the road—give vouchers for all expenses of the road, and settle all his accounts at the end of every six months, received \$125 per year. The Secretary, whose duty it was to keep all the records of the Board, as well as all their settlements with their president and superintendent, received \$40 per year. The four gate-keepers had the use of their toll-houses and lots and three of them received \$100 each, whilst the other, whose business was less, received only \$75 per year.

As the result of this rigid economy the road has always been kept out of debt, and its affairs have been conducted on a cash basis. The road has been a success. 1. In that it has paid all running expenses and kept itself in good repair for fifty years. 2. In that it has been a very great public advantage to the citizens of the county. 3. In that it has been a great trunk line from which nearly all the turnpikes in the county have branched. 4. In that it has refunded by little and little to the stockholders, in dividends, the original cost of the stock. The share of stock was \$50 and the dividends on the share of stock have been \$30.35. The dividends have averaged a small fraction over \$1 per share, or about two per cent. The average tolls collected have been about \$4,000 per year, about 4-5 have been expended in keeping the road in good repair, and to the people who have paid this toll, 4-5 have been refunded to them in keeping the road in good repair for their future use.

The State was liberal to the county in subscribing 1,042 shares of stock in the road, amounting to \$52,100. In dividends it has received back this sum, and also more than \$8,000 in the process of a second refunding.

The county was only half as liberal to this road as to its other turnpikes. It is the longest and most important turnpike in the county and yet the county only gave to it \$250 per mile, while to the others it has given \$500 per mile. The county has received back its \$5,000 and \$830 in the process of a second refunding—and the same is true of each share of the individual stockholders.

With the same management and the same amount of travel it is not doubted, that at the end of the next fifty years the whole stock in the road will be refunded a second time and may be indefinitely repeated in the future. The dividends have been so small and insignificant from year that even those who have been longest familiar with the operation of the road, did not know the amount of their dividends and were surprised at the result when the actual computation was made. It will, however, be a very grateful surprise to the State, the county and the individual stockholders.

SECV.

Buckley's Arnica Salve
The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Sifts, Burns, Fester, Tetters, Chapped Hands, Chills, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

What Can Be Done?
By trying again and keeping up courage many things seemingly impossible may be attained. Hundreds of hopeless cases of Kidney and Urinary Complaint have been cured by Electric Bitters, after everything else had been tried in vain. So don't think there is no cure for you, but try Electric Bitters. There is no medicine so safe, so pure and so perfect a Blood Purifier. Electric Bitters will cure Dyspepsia, Diabetes and all Diseases of the Kidneys. Invaluable in affections of Stomach and Liver, and overcomes all Urinary Difficulties. Large bottles only 50 cents a bottle at Penny & McAllister.

Excitement in Texas.
Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Texas, by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Corley, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was dying of Consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills, and by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two boxes of the Discovery he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-six pounds. Trial bottle of this Great Discovery for Consumption free at Penny & McAllister's.

Positive Cure for Piles.
To the people of this county we would say that we have given the Agency of Dr. March's Italian Pile Ointment—emphatically guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50c a box. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
Should be kept constantly at hand, for use in emergencies of the household. Many a mother, startled in the night by the ominous sounds of Croup, finds the little sufferer, with red and swollen face, gasping for air. In such cases Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is invaluable. Mrs. Emma Godwin, 150 West 128 st., New York, writes: "While in the country, last winter, my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with Croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was tried in small and frequent doses, and, in less than half an hour, the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the Pectoral saved my darling's life." Mrs. Chas. B. Landon, Guilford, Conn., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Saved My Life,
and also the life of my little son. As he is troubled with Croup, I dare not be without this remedy in the house." Mrs. J. Gregg, Lowell, Mass., writes: "My children have repeatedly taken Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for Coughs and Croup. It gives immediate relief, followed by cure." Mrs. Mary E. Evans, Scranton, Pa., writes: "I have two little boys, both of whom have been, from infancy, subject to violent attacks of Croup. About six months ago we began using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and it acts like a charm. In a few minutes after the child takes it, he breathes easily and rests well. Every mother ought to know what a blessing I have found in Ayer's Cherry Pectoral." Mrs. Wm. C. Reid, Freehold, N. J., writes: "In our family, Ayer's medicines have been blessings for many years. In cases of Colds and Coughs, we take

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
and the inconvenience is soon forgotten." PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

INDIGESTION
To strengthen the stomach, create an appetite, and remove the horrible depression and despondency which result from Indigestion, there is nothing so effective as Ayer's Pills. These Pills contain no calomel or other poisonous drug, act directly on the digestive and assimilative organs, and restore health and strength to the entire system. T. P. Bonner, Chester, Pa., writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for the past 30 years, and am satisfied I should not have been alive to-day, if it had not been for them. They

Cured
me of Dyspepsia when all other remedies failed, and their occasional use has kept me in a healthy condition ever since." L. N. Smith, Utica, N. Y., writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for Liver troubles and Indigestion, a good many years, and have always found them prompt and efficient in their action." Richard Norris, Lynn, Mass., writes: "After much suffering, I have been cured of Dyspepsia and Liver troubles

By Using
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INDIGESTION
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STALLIONS FOR 1886.
—The Combined Stallion—

Prince Denmark!
Foaled May 8, 1880. Is a dark brown with small star, 16 hands high; extra heavy mane and tail, symmetrical in form, with superior style, both in the head and in the body. He was sired by the noble Sumpter Denmark, by Godfrey Denmark, by Galois & Cromwell's Denmark, by the late race horse Denmark, he by imported Hedgeford, 1st dam by Miller's Denmark, he by the race horse Denmark, he by Florida, 2d dam by Montgomery's Oliver, 3d dam by old Dronson. Breeders will take notice that Prince possesses more Denmark blood than any other stallion now in the stud, which all first-class horsemen will acknowledge has produced the most valuable and combined stock than any other known in Kentucky. Has proven himself an excellent breeder.

WALLACE DENMARK.
Foaled May 1, 1879. Is a rich mahogany bay, 15½ hands high, heavy mane and tail, is strictly fine and dandy, is to be a natural and pleasant saddle, breeds true, and a more uniform breeder of saddle colts than has been produced a single year in the stud. He is high-tail style on both sides and breeds on both sides, making him very active and sprightly in gait in form and finish a perfect model. Was sired by Sumpter Denmark, the sire of Prince Denmark, (as given above). 1st dam by Sir Albert (thoroughbred) 3d dam by Virginia, by Virginia, by Trudy, thoroughbred, by the celebrated Mason's Whip; 3d dam a Whip mare.

This above horse will make the season of 1886 at my farm, 3½ miles from Lexington, near Campbell's station, and will be permitted to serve a mare colt \$2.00 the season, or \$1.00 to insure a living colt. Mares consigned to my care and breeding will receive my personal attention. Grass for the removal of mares, to be paid for before the removal of mares. Parting with mares for the insurance.

J. STEELE CARRIER, March, 1886.

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J. STEELE CARRIER, March, 1886.

FOR COUGHS AND CROUP USE TAYLOR'S CHEROKEE REMEDY

SECOND JEWEL!
This fine combined stallion will make the season of 1886 at my stable, near Shelby City, in Lincoln county, on the Shelby City and Knob Lick turnpike road, at

\$15 the Season or \$20 to Insure a Colt.
Description and Pedigree.—Second Jewel is a black bay, with black mane and tail, 15 hands 3 inches high, with fine style and action. He is 5 years old this Spring, was sired by Lewis Cunningham's Jewel, he by the famous old Washington Denmark. First dam Minnie, by McDaniel's Halcor; 2d dam by Wells' Cracker; 3d dam by a son of Davey Crockett; 4th dam by a valuable old saddle mare, pedigree unknown. Mr. H. C. Parvin's Old Minnie, dam of Second Jewel, was a premium animal, from a colt to an aged mare. Second Jewel has been shown twenty-four times and won the sickle twenty-two times—defeated only twice. He made ten shows last season at Danville, Lexington, Kirksville, Richmond and Lexington and won ten blue ribbons.

Parting with mares for the insurance. I will retain on all colts until service charge is paid. I will also stand at the same stable the fine Jack

BLACK HAWK!
At \$8 to insure a live colt, money due when the colt is foaled or mare parted with. Black Hawk is a coal black 6 years old this Spring, 14 hands 3 inches high. He was sired by Caldwell's Young Black Hawk, he by Velociped, he by Robertson's Samson, he by Imp. Mammoth. His dam was by Stigall's Black Hawk; 2d dam, was raised by Stiles Maxwell and was an imported Jack. 107-41 C. T. SANDIDGE, Shelby City, Ky.

Vermont Hambletonian.
This fine stallion will make the season of 1886 at my place, three miles from Stanford on the Stanford & Danville pike, at

\$15 to Insure a Mare in Foal.
He is a black, foaled in 1882, sixteen hands high, by William Welch, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian; 1st dam Kate by Imp. Vermont; 2d dam Black Swan by Helm's Yorkshire; 3d dam by Imp. Yorkshire; 4th dam Little Emily by Wagner, by Imp. Wagner; 5th dam by Imp. Vermont; 6th dam by Imp. Yorkshire; 7th dam by Maryland Phoenix; 8th dam by Hambleton; 9th dam by Imp. Vermont; 10th dam by Imp. Vermont. (See Kentucky Seed in Bruce's Stud Book, Vol. 1, page 392.) Vermont Hambletonian is a very bold, strong, with fine style and bone, good action and fine head, with a powerful record of 25. Vermont being a grand son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, the grandest sire living, and Gilt's Vermont combined, backed by thorough blood, ought to make a fine stock horse.

Will also stand at the same place a fine Jack, Imp. Velociped. 108-11

THOS. ROBINSON.
FULL BROTHERS.

Gilt Edge & Silver King
Sired by Hubbell's Denmark, known as On Time. First dam Mollie Mounts, by Cabbie's Lexington, 2d dam by Young America, he by Taylor's Messenger; 3d dam by Miller's Denmark; 4th dam by a double cross of the best saddle stock in the world; 5th dam by Jim Bell, one of the best race horses of his day; 6th dam a noted saddle mare brought from Virginia, pedigree unknown.

They will make the season of 1886 at J. E. Farley's, one mile from Stanford on the Huntington pike. Gilt Edge is a dark brown, 16 hands high, 4 years old this Spring and will stand at

\$10 to Insure a Living Colt.
Silver King will be limited to 15 mares, at the same rate. He is 3 years old this Spring, is a beautiful bay, 15½ hands 3 inches high. Will also stand at same place a fine Jack.

STEVE WALKER.
At \$8 to insure colt, money due at weaning time. He is a brown Jack with white points, 5 years old in June, 16 hands high. He was sired by Imp. King William and he by King Phillip; his first dam a black saddle jennet, she sired by Pauline and he by King William; his second dam, More Castle. The More Castle Jack is a large one. 110-11

J. E. & J. R. FARRIS.
Will make the season of 1886 at my Livery Stable in Stanford, Ky., and will be permitted to serve a limited number of mares at

\$15 the Season.
Due when services are rendered. \$20 to insure a mare in foal, due when the fact is ascertained, or \$25 to insure a living colt, due when the colt is foaled. Danville Wilkes is a beautiful mahogany bay, standing 15½ hands high, of great trotting action and has trotted his mile in 2:30 1/4 quarters in 27 with little handling at 4 years, and has already distinguished himself as a breeder. He is a countess of his kind and blood line, also a stud sire, and is the same remove from the great Geo. Wilkes that Phil Thompson is. His first and only 2-year-old son has been handled in the saddle, and is in honor of one of the fairest and brightest young of Indiana, and is a worthy namesake of royal blood, as he has showed a gift close to 24, being handled by a colored boy. Like his sire, he has a level head and a good gait.

Danville Wilkes is by Lyle's Geo. Wilkes, Jr.; dam of Danville Wilkes by Skeddadd; Skeddadd by Oliver; 1st dam Skeddadd by Medoc; 2d dam by Oliver; 3d dam by Skeddadd; 4th dam by Imp. Eagle; 5th dam Wild Hair, 6th dam by Imp. Eagle; still trace his further into the thoroughbred family, if necessary. I fear, the dam of Danville Wilkes, first dam Medoc by Waxy; 2d dam by old Telegraph; 3d dam Frank, waxy, the sire of Medley by Berthume; 1st dam by Stony Petrel; 2d dam Tom Bel.

Grass furnished at \$2 per month. Due care taken to prevent accidents but will not be responsible about any accidents.

Stanford, Ky., May 7, 1886

W. P. WALTON.

SUPPLEMENT.

CONVICT COLONIES.

DIFFERENT DEGREES OF DISCOMFORT
IN SIBERIAN SETTLEMENTS.

Exiles Who Are Allowed to Roam the
Tundra at Will—Others Who Are Sur-
rounded by a Dead-Line Ditch—No
Sunday—Potency of Bribes.

The great Barabara steppes between the Irish and the Obi is traversed by strips of woodland—"cross-timbers" as they would call them in Texas—where game abounds and where several trading-posts control the collection of a yearly quantum of furs, compulsion hunting and trapping being the only penalty imposed upon a comparatively unenviable class of exiles—the "twelve-year-men" transported for manslaughter, burglary and similar secondary offenses. They are permitted to roam the tundra at will, being merely required to report at headquarters twice or thrice a year—often only if black marked for neglect of duty. During the first year they draw government rations, which they are afterward permitted to commute for all sorts of extra supplies if their earnings should exceed the prescribed minimum. Some of these involuntary sportsmen own quite comfortable log houses.

At the expiration of their term they are permitted to sell their homesteads to a free settler, unless they should prefer to become permanent settlers themselves, and exchange a free wilderness for the comforts and constraints of west Russian city life. Their penal servitude is not much harder than that to which poverty and an equally rigorous climate subject thousands of our northern pioneers. But there is an exceptional lot, and at Telma, in the government of Irkutsk, there are penal factories where convicts are worked for fourteen hours a day, and required to pass the nights in a shanty-town, surrounded by a dead-line ditch which they must not approach on pain of being shot down like wild beasts. They, too, are, however, permitted to improve their lot by over-time work, and are treated with comparative indulgence, being charged with such venial sins as robbery, incest and violation of the exiles laws.

Political offenders go to the mines. Some are sent to the Stanovoi mountains in the far east, where escape is physically-geographically impossible. Others go to Serezhov, or to Verzhinsk, where the gloom of their misery is never lighted by a ray of the sun, their time being divided between work in the bowels of the hills or sleep in the bunk-room of their prison barracks. Their food consists of rye bread and a slice of salt beef, washed down with ditch water. Barring accidents in the shafts, they work from 4 a. m. to 6 p. m., without intermission, dinner being omitted in the menu of their daily meals. Supper, the principal meal of the day, has to be prepared and finished within eighty minutes, for an hour and a half after their return from the mines the drum beats for lights out.

THE HADES OF VERZHSKINSK.
They have no Sunday, and only one yearly holiday—the birthday of the czar. A few men of iron constitution have actually endured the horrors of that hell for twenty-five years. The happy plurality die before the end of the fifth year. Yet so omnipotent is bribery in the dominions of the czar that families of wealth are known to have lightened the burden of their exiled relatives even in the hades of Verzhinsk. By the collusion of half a dozen officials prisoners can be kept on the sick-list for years together, a mining slave can secure a berth in the commissary department or even a confidential clerkship, after the timely and well-greased resignation of his predecessor.

A private interview with the governor of Telma is said to have wrought even greater miracles. A sick convict was permitted to get stiff enough to justify his removal in a perforated coffin, which, at the cemetery gate, was deftly exchanged for a less airy, but also less heavy casket. The relatives of the deceased managed the rest of the programme. During the prevalence of a convenient epidemic another governor took it upon himself to detail one of his convicts for duty in the role of a "special assistant physician," and soon afterward was obliged to report that his brevet doctor had abused his confidence by taking a prescription of his own—a rather liberal dose of fresh air.—Dr. Oswald in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Journals of the United Kingdom.
The newspapers now published in the United Kingdom number 2,000. England claims 1,654—499 of these belonging to London alone; Scotland, 165; Ireland, 83; Wales 53, and the various isles, 31. The dailies reach 144 in England, 21 in Scotland, 15 in Ireland, and 1 in the small isles—187 in all, while forty years ago there were only 14 daily papers in the whole kingdom—12 in England, and 2 in Ireland. Within these forty years the newspaper press has almost quadrupled, considering that in 1840 there were but 551 journals published. Now, also, 1,308 magazines are published in the year, and 307 of these are distinctly religious tendency.—Chicago Herald.

Innocuous Tea for the Dyspeptic.
A high authority mentions that tea may be rendered innocuous to the dyspeptic by the adding of a pinch of bicarbonate of soda to the tea that is to be infused. His experiments have shown that ten grains of bicarbonate of soda added to an ounce of dry tea just before infusion "almost entirely removes its retarding influence upon digestion." This will be good news to the lover of "the cup that cheers" who has been obliged to give up his favorite beverage. The tea will be found somewhat darker than that infused in the ordinary way.—New York Commercial-Advertiser.

The Manufacture of Stage Jewels.
An Englishman, writing about the stage in France, says: "Stage jewelry now is a regular manufacture, and though many actresses wear real diamonds, it need not be said that the mimic stones are more effective. Sham furniture looks more like furniture on the stage than the finest that could be ordered. It would take too long to expound this, but in illustration it may be said that at the theatre Francis was a property clock for a loud, elegantly painted and made of papier-mache, which cost 500 francs or 600 francs—Exchange.

Something for the Tender-Hearted.
Perhaps few young women will care to wear humming birds and other birds of delicate plumage after knowing that, in order that the colors might be preserved, the victims had to be skinned alive.—Chicago Jour-

AMBROSE MALET.

More than thirty years ago I was making a fortnight's tour in Belgium. I had lately been ordained to a curacy, and was taking my first holiday. I was a fresh-looking young fellow in those days, holding serious views of life, and though young for my years, had the fullest sense of the dignity, no less than the responsibilities, of the sacred profession I had lately entered.

To do right myself, and to set every body else right, seemed to me the most important thing in life; and the first part of the proposition, at any rate, is not a bad formula for a man to start with on his life's career.

I had set out on my travels alone, and plunging at once into some of the more picturesque Belgian scenery, found myself on the evening of the third day, supping in the big hotel of a little village lying among the hills and woods. I was supping alone at the end of a long table of an empty salle a manger when a young man entered, and calling for coffee and cognac, sat down in the circle of light just opposite to me. He was a man of about 30, with a pleasant and remarkably clever face; and, presently falling into conversation with him, I discovered he was the village doctor.

He was a native of the place, able to give me information, of which I was in need, concerning the surrounding country; and we were engaged in talking, with my traveling map spread on the table between us, when a waiter entered and addressed a few words to my companion in a low voice.

"Excuse me for a moment," he said, turning to me courteously, "there is a sick man upstairs who requires my attendance. I shall not be gone many minutes."

In less than a quarter of an hour he returned, and sat down opposite to me again; but he did not at once resume our conversation. He sat with his hands clasped before his head, gazing before him in silence.

"A sad case," he said at last, letting his hands fall to his side; "a life thrown away. A young fellow wounded mortally in a duel, and brought in here yesterday to die. All the doctors in Europe could not save him. He won't live through the night."

"In a duel!" I said, surprised. "Such things, so far, had lain outside the range of my experience."

"Yes, with some Frenchmen. They had come here across the frontier. Such affairs are not uncommon hereabout, but they rarely terminate fatally. The other fellow has made off. This one, by the bye, is a countryman of yours. Stay, I have his name somewhere."

"Good God!" I said. "Ambrose Malet?"

"Do you know him?" said the doctor.

"I know the name—it may be another man," I answered, in profound agitation. "Is he young—a big, loose-limbed man, with marked features, a large nose, dull brown hair lying straight across his forehead, and, in the kindest, the most genial smile imaginable?"

"Your description answers in every particular," said the doctor, "except, indeed, as regards the smile, which I have not seen. He looks sad enough, poor fellow. He is young, about your own age, I should think." He looked at me with a momentary humorous gleam that seemed to say: "In all other respects as unlike you as possible. He has grey eyes and wears no beard; on his little finger is a green signet ring. If you are a friend of his I shall be glad. I asked him to-day if I should send to any one, and he replied that he had no relations and not a friend in the world that would come to him."

The tears rushed to my eyes; I could not help it. I rose, and, walking to one of the long windows, stood with my back turned to the room, looking out on the moonlit garden.

Three years before, at Oxford, Ambrose Malet had been my best friend. A lonely man, a solitary soul, he had sought me out through one of those contradictions that sometimes provoke and cement the firmest friendships. He was little known personally at Oxford, yet made his mark at once as a man of powers so unusual that everything might be expected of him. The expectation was founded on a misconception of his character; and yet perhaps not. Who shall say, since death came at six and twenty to solve the problem of his own fate. A prodigious and unfailing memory, an almost incredible facility for acquiring and assimilating knowledge, were combined with one of the strongest and most original minds I have ever come across. He took, without appreciable effort, every honor that Oxford has to offer, and he took them with absolute indifference. Knowledge, and always more of the knowledge that he acquired with such ease, seemed all that he desired. He read for hours, not as the bookworm reads, or the ordinary student, but with a religious, devouring curiosity, an insatiable craving, until in one direction or another he reached the final limit and faced the blank beyond. At such times, as I learned to know, he fell into a dependency that lasted sometimes for days; then rousing himself he would start again on some other track, and the same scene would be repeated. I say, was one of the strangest I have met with; but it had no impulse that I ever discovered toward original creation, little even toward original research.

He would take up some branch of science and devour every book on it he could find; but that done, he made no independent effort toward fresh discovery—he turned to something else. Some spring that moves to practical action, some link common between man and life, was lacking in him; his soul dwelt solitary and apart, drinking, drinking, insatiable; only demanding incessantly what no man ever yet had, no, nor can have ever until the end of time.

He had few acquaintances at Oxford, and no intimate friend but myself. Sometimes he would come to my rooms and silently watching me as I plodded on at my reading. My vocation had early been fixed, and I never wavered in my choice; I had never any idea but that of entering the church. Malet would sit smoking and watching me in silence. Not unfrequently we took long walks together.

"You shall know," he said; "you shall know—we shall know."

"You believe in the mortality of the soul," Ambrose said. "How do you reconcile that with your other opinions?"

"On no logical grounds," he answered briefly, and changed the subject. "I have said he had a tender heart; that is to say, little. He had a capacity for profound and passionate love. In the course of our rambles we made the acquaintance of an ordinary young man's adventure—a farmer's daughter, a young girl who, not without intention, as I had afterward reason to believe, strongly attracted us both. It was in love, if not for the first time in my life, as much as I had ever been before. But Lucy Smiles was not a girl I could have made my wife, and I must do myself the justice to say that, recognizing the fact early in our acquaintance, I broke off, with some resolution, even the semblance of a flirtation. With Malet it was different; he fell deeply and passionately in love with the girl. The difference in station and education seemed not to affect him; it was impossible, indeed, that an intellect such as his could ever look for or expect the sympathy that springs from equal minds, and on the one occasion on which he spoke to me on the subject—for a reserve had sprung up between us in the matter—I inferred, though he did not state it in so many words, that he hoped to make Lucy his wife immediately on leaving Oxford. Shortly afterward, the girl disappeared from her father's home. Certain circumstances threw suspicion on Malet; nothing was, nothing could be proved against him; but, to tell the story briefly, I thought I had reason to believe the worst, and I believed it. All my incipient love for the girl herself blazed up in a flame of passion and jealousy, and what I held to be righteous indignation at the story of her disappearance, and of her parents' despair. Malet said very little; he gave me his word that he had had nothing to do with the matter; he said that I did not believe him, and he said no more. I, on my side, broke with him. He had been my best friend; on more than one occasion he had served me in a way that should have won my undying gratitude. But what gratitude survives a sense of wrong? And, indeed, I held myself not ungrateful, just."

What sort of memories, old affection, remorse, swept over me matters little now. Where were doubts and past suspicions? Alas, that, living or dying, clearness of vision should come to enlighten us at the supreme moment only. I turned from the window to the doctor.

"Can I see him?" I said; "he was the best friend I had in the world?"

"Certainly you can see him," he answered. "I am indeed glad that you are so long to him should be here. I will take you to him at once. He has a little fever, but is otherwise quite quiet; no one suffering, happily. Nothing can harm him now."

He led the way as he spoke, up flight after flight of the shallow hotel stairs, and down a long passage to a remote and silent part of the house. At the end of the passage a door stood ajar. The doctor paused before it, and, looking at me, said: "You wish to remain with your friend?" he said.

"Undoubtedly," I answered.

He gave me one or two brief directions, then, signing to me to wait for a moment, opened the door and went in.

He was alone. He lay with closed eyes, his hands spread out on the counterpane, his head supported by pillows. The night was warm, and though the little casement stood wide open, he seemed oppressed by the heat, and to breathe with difficulty. He was not changed; in early youth even his features had been marked to alter readily; only the lines with which I had been familiar had deepened, and the pallor of mortal sickness overspread his countenance.

He opened his eyes as the doctor's step approached his bedside.

"What time is it?" he said feebly.

"About half-past 9," said the doctor. He laid his hand on his patient's wrist as he spoke, and stood for a moment noting the pulse. "There is a friend of yours here," he said, and then he turned to see you. I have brought him up."

His forehead and mouth contracted painfully for a moment. "A friend of mine?" he said. "But I have no friends."

I came forward. His glance fell upon me and was suddenly illumined. "Frank!" he cried.

He held out both hands; I grasped them in mine. For a long time we remained motionless. I could not speak; in what words could I address him after my long silence? And he, too, was silent.

His hold relaxed at last. The doctor had silently disappeared and we were alone. It was he who spoke first. "You never believed me about Lucy, Frank," he said, looking at me.

"Don't speak of it," I cried. "I know that I was wrong, utterly wrong. I want to tell you that. Never mind the rest."

"On the contrary I mind it very much," he said, in a feeble voice. "I suspected at the time who was at the bottom of Lucy's disappearance, but I could never bring it home to you. I went out into the courtyard, looking up at the morning sky, which had the pathos of the light that dawns after one whom we love has died. As I crossed the courtyard on my way to the gates that shut it in from the road one of them was pushed back and a woman came toward me. She wore a veil that concealed her face, but, seeing me, she started, and by a sudden impulse, I suppose, threw it back. Then I saw who she was."

"Lucy!" I said.

The blood rushed to her face, then forsook it. It was a lovely face, still, though strangely altered since I had last seen it. She stared at me uncertainly for a moment.

"I didn't expect to meet you, sir," she said at last. "I came to ask Mr. Malet. Can you tell me how he is?"

"He is dead," I answered.

"She gave a cry and dropped down on a bench by which we were standing. For a long time she did not say a word, nor after that cry utter a sound. She sat with her hands clasped round her knees, gazing fixedly before her. A look of indescribable dreariness, rather than of grief, gradually overspread her face. As for me, who shall say what emotions I felt? I had once loved the girl—yes, I had loved her, and up in yonder room lay the man whose death she had caused."

At last she spoke.

"I wanted to see Mr. Malet again," she said, in a low voice, without looking up. "I followed them; they did not know it. Can't I see him now?"

She rose as she spoke, but, before I could answer, dropped on to her knees.

"No, I couldn't," she said. "I never saw any one dead yet. I couldn't go."

"You never believed me about Lucy," he said.

"For God's sake, Ambrose, don't speak of that again!" I cried in anguish. "Forgive me, forgive me; the loss of all these years has been mine."

"No, no," he said; "it is no matter. All is over now, and it is all one. Life, too, will be over in a few hours, and that is well. Strange," he went on after a pause, "that men should dread death as they do. I have thought so many ways; now that I am dying, I think so more than ever. To dread the unknown—to know the unknowable is the great and unattainable desire of life."

"Most men think otherwise," I said; "the love of life is strong."

"Yes, yes, I know it," he said, "and it is better so; it should be so. But something has gone wrong between me and life; I feel as if I were a stranger in it always. Death is best."

He lay quiet again for a long while. His breathing was difficult and oppressed. Now and then the wind stirred the trees on the hill outside; the shadows slowly moved with the advancing night; otherwise all was still. But presently he began to turn restlessly in the bed; the hands, hot with fever, strayed over the counterpane. When he spoke again his mind was wandering a little.

"I suppose you go back to Oxford at once, old fellow," he said. "I should like to get back there if it were only for a day. My mother is dead, you know; poor mother. The meadows down by the river; it would be cooler there than here; we might have another walk together. Lucy—"

The words died away in a murmur; but all at once, half raising himself in bed: "No one has believed in me, no one has cared for me," he said, in a strange, loud, solemn voice, such as I have never heard him use before; "and knowledge is ignorance, and one drinks and drinks and the eternal thirst is never quenched, never—"

He looked round wildly till, his eyes falling on me in the imperfect light, gradually full consciousness returned. He lay back quietly.

"Give me some water, will you, Frank?" he said, in an exhausted voice.

I did as he desired.

"I must have been asleep, I think," he said, as his head sank again on the pillow.

"I should have liked to tell you all about my wanderings, Frank. I have wandered a good deal since we last met; but I suppose there won't be time. What o'clock is it?"

He felt under the pillow for his watch. I went to the door and, looking at my own watch by the candle outside, told him the hour.

"It is later than I thought," he said, and, again lay silent, his face turned to the window. I sat down beside him and took his hand in mine. He let it lie there.

"Strange," he said again: "one lives alone, and one dies alone; and yet human fellowship is sweet. I like to feel your hand in mine, Frank."

"Give me weaker. I could see it by the way his head lay on the pillow, and by the increasing difficulty with which he swallowed the cordial I gave him from time to time. I asked him presently whether he had any wishes I could fulfill."

"No," he said at first; then, "bury me here, of course," he said; "one spot of earth is like another, and there is no one at home to mourn for me."

"Don't say that," I said. "I broke down, and laying my head on the counterpane, cried like a girl. It distressed him."

"Don't," he said twice, and in a minute I had conquered the weakness. "I have longed for death," he said, "and now it has come. Yes, I am glad to die. Something was wrong between me and life; I could have made nothing of it. Death is best, and what comes after."

"You do believe, Ambrose?" I cried. The words were involuntary; for, though the thought had been in my mind since I entered the room, I had not meant to utter it. He looked at me with eyes whose kindness and affection I can never forget.

"Good old Frank!" he said. "If you ever see Lucy, he went on, after a pause, 'tell her from me to go back to her parents. I have written to them; she will have no difficulty. Tell her so from me.'"

The room was growing darker; the moon had set. I could not make out the changes in his face any more. But he still kept it turned toward the window. "How bright the stars are to-night," he said once. "Surely we shall know." And once again: "Soon I shall know." Then a long silence.

About midnight the doctor had come in, and laid his hand on his patient's pulse, and went out without a word. I brought the light back into the room in the darkest hour before dawn; but Ambrose took no notice. About dawn he died.

An hour later I went through the front door of the hotel, and out into the courtyard to breathe the morning air. The night had been a terrible one to me; I did not, until afterward, know how terrible and poignant. No, only in after years I came to understand what scales of self-sufficiency had fallen from my eyes, and that, from that day forward, I was a changed man. I went out into the courtyard, looking up at the morning sky, which had the pathos of the light that dawns after one whom we love has died. As I crossed the courtyard on my way to the gates that shut it in from the road one of them was pushed back and a woman came toward me. She wore a veil that concealed her face, but, seeing me, she started, and by a sudden impulse, I suppose, threw it back. Then I saw who she was.

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"Lucy," I said, "Mr. Malet left a message for you. He bade me entrust you to go back to your parents. He had written to them, he said. You will have no difficulty with them."

Again she sat silent, gazing drearily before her.

Mr. Malet said the same to me," she said at last. "Of course he couldn't understand. It's not only father and mother, it would be the neighbors, the whole life—no, I can never go home again—never!"

She rose as she spoke, pulling down her veil and drawing her cloak tightly round her against the chill morning air. I made

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one more effort, though what it cost me I could not say. It was a moment surely for angel's tongues to plead, and on my tongue the words seemed to weigh like lead.

"Lucy," I said, "surely, Mr. Malet's wish—"

"Don't!" she said very sharply, turning from me.

"At least promise me," I said, laying a detaining hand on her shoulder, "that for his sake, as for your own, your life shall henceforward be different."

She turned suddenly, and seizing my hand without looking at me, wrung it with a convulsive sob. The next moment she had disappeared in the mist.

Whither did she go? Alas, I have never known. But, visiting in after years Ambrose Malet's grave, I found laid on it a fresh wreath of immortelles. A stranger had passed and left it there, I was told—Temple Bar.

CITY LODGING-HOUSE DISCOMFORT.

Trouble with the Servants—A Man With-out a Breakfast—Helpless.

There is one element usually wanting to your comfort in a lodging-house in New York. Breakfast is a difficult subject, and a man is a helpless being until he has had breakfast. You can not at all rely on the resources of a lodging-house at this point. The truth is that the business of keeping lodgers alive in this city is in a period of transition. The old-fashioned boarding-houses have been abandoned by many of them for lodgings, but the proprietors of these houses have not yet learned how to take care of their charges. In London a very large part of the population have from time immemorial taken care of lodgers, and notwithstanding the abuse heaped upon this class of persons they are usually very decent people, and they succeed in giving you bacon and eggs, or sole, with good tea. There is a bell, and it is answered by a young woman, who is always civil, and is sometimes attractive. She is now and then extremely pretty; but, no matter how pretty she is, you may send her out for a pot of beer. After the full-dressing you undergo in an American establishment of the kind, the civil and good nature of these persons are most grateful. The prettiest of them I ever saw would answer my bell half a dozen times in a morning without any back looks. I once rang for a fork which she had forgotten; she quickly returned with it and laid it down, with the remark: "My dear sir, I never learn to save my 'bells' for nothing. This is not at all the condition of things in New York. The lodging-house proprietor in most cases refuses to give you breakfast at all. If it is given you it is usually intolerable, the bread, butter, eggs, milk, and coffee, being all bad. But in the acquisition of this breakfast, such as it is, the lodger will encounter difficulties. The theoretical intentions of the landlord or landlady are thwarted by the obstructions thrown in the way by the servants; the tactics of Mr. Parnell is imitated by his countrymen to good purpose. It is difficult to find out whose business it is to look after you; you are referred by one domestic to another. The Germans are just as bad—so very unlike the kind, servicable people of the fatherland. But, however, well disposed the domestic may be, it is often extremely difficult to communicate with them. The room has no bell or if there is one it does not work. But if there is a bell, and it is in good order, it may require some hardihood to ring it. If it becomes necessary to establish some kind of communication with the domestics your position is, indeed, a help as one; they appear to be as jealously secluded as the occupants of an Oriental harem.

And yet it is quite necessary to a comfortable and decent existence that you should not be compelled to go out of the house for your breakfast. It may be very well to go out now and then. On warm and bright days it is occasionally amusing to breakfast at a club or a restaurant. But what can be more unpleasant than to be required to face a blizzard on an empty stomach. Or it may be that the day opens with one of those heavy and steady down-pours which are characteristic of this climate. The dark and dripping world says, mournfully: "Thou hast no breakfast?"—New York Times.

A Fly Man Caught at Last.

"One of the curious traits about those French-Canadians," said a fly man the other day, "is the fact that they never die of old age. Some seventeen years ago a couple of us were working a Great Western train, and we beat a Frenchman out of \$15 on the three card monte racket. He was a little, old, wilted up specimen, seeming to be 11 of 75 years old, and he didn't get the game through his head until we jumped the train at a small station. The other day I was coming to Detroit from the east, and when the train stopped at St. Thomas I got out to stretch my legs. I had scarcely touched the platform when somebody grasped me and a voice cried out:

"'He is dagman! He bait me out of foot-fence dollars!'"

"I looked around to find that same old Frenchman hanging to my arm. I couldn't see that he had changed a particle in looks or grown older by a day."

"I want me foot-fence dollars!" he shouted as he danced around. "His man he throw one-two-three cards and he take me foot-fence dollars and keep!"

"I tried to brass it out, but it was no go, and the result was that I had to fork over the money. He stood there as the train moved off, and shaking his fist at me he shouted:

"'Ah! I forgot. You don't pay me no money on shoe foot-fence dollars for seventeen years! I see you again—maybe seventeen years more.'—Detroit Free Press.

Old Delusion of a Young Man.

There is a young man more or less known about the town as the profligate son of a rich father who goes on a terrible spree about twice a year. At these times he has the oddest idea imaginable. Instead of seeing the customary makes, he believes that one of John Robinson's elephants is trying to kill him. It is a fearful delusion, and the young fellow thinks the great animal is chasing him from street to street and from place to place seeking an opportunity to crush him beneath his ponderous foot.

On these occasions he invariably goes to Hagen's detective agency and hires one of the men to kill the elephant. The man goes out and returns in about half an hour, saying that he has shot the animal. Thereupon the profligate gives the detective \$10 and departs with an untroubled mind. The detective has to kill the elephant about twice a year.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Whittier and His Personal Papers.

John G. Whittier, referring to the report that he had destroyed all his personal letters and papers to prevent posthumous publication, writes that some years ago he destroyed a large collection of letters he had received, not from any regard to his own reputation, but from fear that their publication might be unpleasant or injurious to the writers or their friends. They covered much of the anti-slavery period and the war of the rebellion.—Chicago Times.

President Greely hardly cares what he wears more than President Lincoln cared, and somewhat the same thing may be said of his wife.

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SUPPLEMENT.

CONVICT COLONIES.

DIFFERENT DEGREES OF DISCOMFORT
IN SIBERIAN SETTLEMENTS.

Exiles Who Are Allowed to Roam the Tundra at Will—Others Who Are Surrounded by a Dead-Line Ditch Are No Sunday—Potency of Bribes.

The great Barabinka steppe between the Irish and the Obi is traversed by strips of woodlands—"cross-timbers" as they would call them in Texas—where game abounds and where several trading posts control the collection of a yearly quantum of furs, compulsion hunting and trapping being the only penalty imposed upon a comparatively enviable class of exiles—the "twelve-year-men" transported for manslaughter, burglary and similar secondary offenses. They are permitted to roam the tundra at will, being merely required to report at headquarters twice or three a year—often only if black marked for neglect of duty. During the first year they draw government rations, which they are afterward permitted to commute for all sorts of extra supplies if their earnings should exceed the prescribed minimum. Some of these involuntary sportsmen own quite comfortable log houses.

DIFFERENT DEGREES OF DISCOMFORT. At the expiration of their term they are permitted to sell their homesteads to a free settler, unless they prefer to become permanent settlers themselves, and exchange a free wilderness for the comforts and constraints of west Russian city life. Their penal servitude is not much harder than that to which poverty and an equally rigorous climate subject thousands of our northwestern pioneers. But there is an exceptional lot, and at Telma, in the government of Irkutsk, there are penal factories where convicts are worked for fourteen hours a day, and required to pass the nights in a shanty-town, surrounded by a dead-line ditch which they must not approach on pain of being shot down like wild beasts. They, too, are, however, permitted to improve their lot by over-time work, and are treated with comparative indulgence, being charged with such venial sins as robbery, incest and violation of the exiles laws.

Political offenders go to the mines. Some are sent to the Stupovol mountains in the far east, where escape is physically-geographically impossible. Others go to Serezhov, or to Vetchinsk, where the gloom of their misery is never lighted by a ray of the sun, their time being divided between work in the bowels of the hills or sleep in the bunk-room of their prison barracks. Their food consists of rye bread and a slice of salt beef, washed down with ditch water. Barring accidents in the shafts, they work from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m., without intermission, dinner being omitted in the menu of their daily meals. Supper, the principal meal of the day, has to be prepared and finished within eighty minutes, for an hour and a half after their return from the mines the drum beats for lights out.

THE HADES OF VETCHINSK. They have no Sunday, and only one yearly holiday—the birthday of the czar. A few men of iron constitution have actually endured the horrors of that hell for twenty-five years. The happy plurality die before the end of the fifth year. Yet so omnipotent is bribery in the dominions of the czar that families of wealth are known to have lightened the burden of their exiled relatives even in the hades of Vetchinsk. By the collusion of half a dozen officials prisoners can be kept on the sick-list for years together, a mining slave can secure a berth in the commissary department or even a confidential clerkship, after the timely and well-greased resignation of his predecessor.

A private interview with the governor of Telma is said to have wrought even greater miracles. A sick convict was permitted to get stiff enough to justify his removal in a perforated coffin, which, at the cemetery gate, was deftly exchanged for a less airy, but also less heavy casket. The relatives of the deceased managed the rest of the programme. During the prevalence of a convenient epidemic another governor took it upon himself to detail one of his convicts for duty in the role of a "special assistant physician," and soon afterward was obliged to report that his brevet doctor had abused his confidence by taking a prescription of his own—a rather liberal dose of fresh air.—Dr. Oswald in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Journals of the United Kingdom. The newspapers now published in the United Kingdom number 2,000. England claims 1,634—469 of these belonging to London alone; Scotland, 193; Ireland, 162; Wales 88, and various local papers. The dailies reach 144 in England, 21 in Scotland, 15 in Ireland, and 1 in the small Isles—187 in all, while forty years ago there were only 13 daily papers in the whole kingdom—12 in England, and 2 in Ireland. Within these forty years the newspaper press has almost quadrupled, considering that in 1846 there were but 551 journals published. Now, also, 1,308 magazines are published in the year, and 347 of these are of distinctly religious tendency.—Chicago Herald.

Innocuous Tea for the Dyspeptic. A high authority mentions that tea may be rendered innocuous to the dyspeptic by the adding of a pinch of bicarbonate of soda to the tea that is to be infused. His experiments have shown that ten grains of bicarbonate of soda added to an ounce of dry tea just before infusion—almost entirely removes the retarding influence upon digestion. This will be good news to the lover of the "cup that cheers" who has been obliged to give up his favorite beverage. The tea will be found somewhat darker than that infused in the ordinary way.—New York Commercial-Advertiser.

The Manufacture of Stage Jewelry. An Englishman, writing about the stage in France, says: "Stage jewelry now is a regular manufacture, and, though many actresses wear real diamonds, it need not be said that the mimic stones are more effective. Sham furniture looks more like furniture on the stage than the finest that could be ordered. It would take too long to expound this, but in illustration it may be said that at the theatre Francais there is a property clock for a boudoir, elegantly painted and made of papier-mache, and which cost 500 francs or 600 francs."—Exchange.

Something for the Tender-Hearted. Perhaps few young women will care to wear humming birds and other birds of delicate plumage after knowing that, in order that the colors might be preserved, the victims had to be skinned alive.—Chicago Journal.

AMBROSE MALET.

More than thirty years ago I was making a fortnight's tour in Belgium. I had lately been ordained to a curacy, and was taking my first holiday. I was a fresh-looking young fellow in those days, holding serious views of life, and though young for my years, had the fullest sense of the dignity, no less than the responsibilities, of the sacred profession I had lately entered.

To do right myself, and to set everybody else right, seemed to me the most important thing in life; and the first part of the proposition, at any rate, is not a bad formula for a man to start with on his life's career. I had set out on my travels alone, and plunging at once into some of the more picturesque Belgian scenery, found myself on the evening of the third day, supping in the hotel of a little village lying among the hills and woods. I was supping alone at the end of a long table of an empty sale a manager when a young man entered, and, sitting for coffee and cognac, sat down in the circle of light just opposite to me. He was a man of about 30, with a pleasant and remarkably clever face; and, presently falling into conversation with him, I discovered he was the village doctor. He was a native of the place, able to give me information, of which I was in need, concerning the surrounding country; and we were engaged in talking, with my traveling map spread on the table between us, when a waiter entered and addressed a few words to my companion in a low voice.

"Excuse me for a moment," he said, turning to me courteously, "there is a sick man up-stairs who requires my attendance. I shall not be gone many minutes."

In less than a quarter of an hour he returned, and sat down opposite to me again; but he did not at once resume our conversation. He sat with his hands clasped behind his head, gazing before him in silence. "A dead case," he said at last, letting his hands fall to his side; "a life thrown away. A young fellow wounded mortally in a duel, and brought in here yesterday to die. All the doctors in Europe could not save him. He won't live through the night."

"A dead case!" I said, surprised. Such things so far, had lain outside the range of my experience.

"Yes, with some Frenchmen. They had come here across the frontier. Such affairs are not uncommon hereabout, but they rarely terminate fatally. The other fellow has made off. This one, by the bye, is a countryman of yours. Stay, I have his name somewhere."

He fumbled in his pocket for a notebook, and, abstracting a card, handed it to me across the table. I read the name; I let the card drop.

"Good God!" I said. "Ambrose Malet."

"Do you know him?" said the doctor.

"I know the name—it may be another man," I answered, in profound agitation. "Is he young—a big, loose-limbed man, with marked features, a large nose, dull brown hair lying straight across his forehead, and the kindest, the most genial smile imaginable?"

"Your description answers in every particular," said the doctor, "except, indeed, regarding the smile, which I have not seen. He looks sad enough, poor fellow. He is young, about your own age, I should think. He looked at me with a momentary humorous gleam that seemed to say: 'In all other respects as unlike you as possible. He has gray eyes and wears no beard; on his little finger is a green signet ring. If you are a friend of mine, I shall be glad. I asked him to-day if I should send to any one, and he replied that he had no relations and no friend in the world that would come to him.'"

The tears rushed to my eyes; I could not help it. I rose, and, walking to one of the long windows stood with my back turned to the room, looking out on the moonlit garden.

Three years before, at Oxford, Ambrose Malet had been my best friend. A lonely man, a solitary soul, he had sought me out through one of those contradictions that sometimes provoke and cement the firmest friendships. He was little known personally at Oxford, yet made his mark at once as a man of powers so unusual that everything might be expected of him. The expectation was founded on a misconception of his character; and yet perhaps not. Who shall say since death came at six and twenty to him, a problem after its own fashion. A prodigious and unfailing memory, an almost incredible facility for acquiring and assimilating knowledge, were combined with one of the strongest and most original minds I have ever come across. He took, without appreciable effort, every honor that Oxford has to offer, and he took them with absolute indifference. Knowledge, and always more of the knowledge that he acquired, with such ease, seemed all that he desired. He read for hours, not as the bookworm reads, or the ordinary student, but with a prodigious, devouring curiosity, an insatiable craving, until in one direction or another he reached the final limit and faced the blank beyond. At such times, as I learned to know, he fell into a despondency that lasted sometimes for days; then rousing himself he would start again on some other track, to arrive at the same result. His mind I saw, was open, I have met with; but it had no impulse that discovered toward original creation, little even toward original research.

He would take up some branch of science and devour every book on it he could find; but that done, he made no independent effort toward fresh discovery—he turned to something else. Some spring that moves to practical action, some link common between man and life, was lacking in him; his soul dwelt solitary and apart, thirsting, drinking, insatiable, only demanding incessantly more, no man ever yet had—no, nor can have ever until the end of time.

He had few acquaintances at Oxford, and no intimate friend but myself. Sometimes he would come to my rooms and silently watching me as I plodded on at my reading. My vocation had early been fixed, and I never wavered in my choice; I had never any idea but that of entering the church. Malet would sit smoking and watching me in silence. Not unfrequently we took long walks together.

Sometimes our walk would begin and end in almost total silence. At other times his flow of conversation was almost unceasing; and I have not yet met the man who can talk as Malet did when the mood was upon him. I would not, if I could, try to reproduce those talks. What withered and scathed words were those that would fain represent the radiant bowers of last year's garden! He was sometimes gay, more often serious. He was no orthodox believer; his orthodoxy shocked me at first; he saw it, and while avoiding his opinions, was careful to avoid shocking me again. But all his views of the conduct of life were simple, pure, and noble; I have never met purer or nobler; and I can trace their effect on my own mind to this day. But he had planned no future career; the hopes and ambitions of other men seemed to have no meaning for him. Something, I say, was wanting in him, some link, that reconciles common humanity to life, that binds society together, that helps the eternal duty of man to man. A tender heart, an endless craving, a solitary soul; such was Ambrose Malet.

I remember his face raised one winter night to the frozen starlit sky. "One day," he said, "I shall know." "You believe in the mortality of the soul, Ambrose?" I said. "How do you reconcile that with your other opinions?" "On no logical grounds," he answered, "I have changed the subject. I have said that I had a tender heart; that is to say little. He had a capacity for profound and passionate love. In the course of our rambles we made the acquaintance of an ordinary young man's adventure—a farmer's daughter, a young girl who, not without intention, as I had afterward reason to believe, strongly attracted us both. I was in love; if not for the first time in my life, as much as I had ever been before. But Lucy Smiles was not a girl I could have made my wife, and I must do myself the justice to say that, recognizing the fact early in our acquaintance, I broke off, with some resolution, even the semblance of a flirtation. With Malet it was different; he felt deeply and passionately in love with the girl. The difference in station and education seemed not to affect him; it was impossible, indeed, that an intellect such as his could ever look for or expect the sympathy that springs from equal minds, and on the one occasion on which he spoke to me on the subject—for a reserve had sprung up between us in the matter—I inferred, though he did not state it in so many words, that he hoped to make Lucy his wife immediately on leaving Oxford. Shortly afterward, the girl disappeared from her father's home. Certain circumstances threw suspicion on Malet; nothing was, nothing could be proved against him; but, to tell the story briefly, I thought I had reason to believe the worst, and I believed it. All my incipient love for the girl herself blazed up in a flame of passion and jealousy, and what I held to be righteous indignation at the story of her disappearance and of her parents' despair. Malet said very little; he gave me his word that he had had nothing to do with the matter; he said that I did not believe him, and he said no more. I, on my side, broke with him. He had been my best friend; on more than one occasion he had served me in a way that should have won my undying gratitude. But what gratitude survives a sense of wrong? And, indeed, I held myself not ungrateful, but just.

What storm of memories, old affection, remorse, ever more and past suspicion! Alas, that, living or dying, clearness of vision should come to enlighten us at the supreme moment only. I turned from the window to the doctor.

"Can I see him?" I said; "he was the best friend I had in the world."

"I rejoice you can see him," he answered. "I feel indeed that you or any one else should be allowed to see him. I will take you to him at once. He has a little fever, but is otherwise quite quiet; no use suffering, happily. Nothing can harm him now."

He led the way as he spoke, up flight after flight of the shallow hotel stairs, and down a long passage to a remote and silent part of the house. At the end of the passage a door stood ajar. The doctor paused before we reached it. "You will no doubt wish to remain with your friend," he said. "Undoubtedly," I answered.

He gave me one or two brief directions, then he went to wait for a moment, opened the door and went in.

He was alone. He lay with closed eyes, his hands spread out on the counterpane, his head supported by pillows. The night was warm, and though the little casement stood wide open, he seemed oppressed by the heat, and to breathe with difficulty. He was not changed; in early youth even his features had been too marked to alter readily; only the lines with which I had been familiar had deepened, and the pallor of mortal sickness overspread his countenance.

He opened his eyes as the doctor's step approached his bedside. "What time is it?" he said feebly. "About half-past 9," said the doctor. He laid his hand on his patient's wrist as he spoke, and stood for a moment noting the pulse. "There is a friend of yours here," he said, then, "who wants to see you. I have brought him up."

His forehead and mouth contracted painfully for a moment. "A friend of mine?" he said. "But I have no friends."

I came forward. His glance fell upon me and was suddenly illumined. "Frank!" he cried.

He held out both hands; I grasped them in mine. For a long time we remained motionless. I could not speak; in what words could I address him after my long silence? And I saw that he was dying.

He held relaxed at last. The doctor had said his pulse was better, and we were alone. It was he who spoke first. "You never loved me about Lucy, Frank," he said, looking at me.

"Don't speak of it," I cried. "I know that I was wrong, utterly wrong. I want to tell you that. Never mind the rest."

"On the contrary I mind it very much," he said, in a feeble voice. "I suspected at the time you was at the bottom of Lucy's disappearance, but I could never bring it home to him. I could never come upon a trace of her until a few weeks ago, when I saw her by chance in Paris. His voice sank and he failed a little with weakness, but in a moment he rallied and went on.

"She was living there with some Frenchman—never mind his name. I hunted her up and tried to persuade her to go home to her parents. He resented my interference; we fought—and here I am."

"It was that," I cried, confounded; "it was on account of Lucy?"

"Poor child, poor girl!" he murmured, closing his eyes.

I stood speechless for a while. For the first time I realized Malet's part in the duel of which the doctor had spoken. In face of his mortal malady, I had forgotten for the moment that malady's cause.

"Well," he said at last, as I did not speak. "Good heavens, Ambrose! I said, 'you are the last man, yes, the last man, in the world I should have thought would fight a duel.'"

He smiled a little. "Why not?" he said. "I had no intention of killing the poor wretch who challenged me; he was safe enough from me."

"But the sin of it—the sin of it," he said. "Sit down, Frank," he went on, raising his head and looking at me with a smile by the dim light of the candle. "So you're a parson now, a priest I suppose you would call yourself, and you are going to save men's souls. Well, you'll do a world of good, old fellow, one way or another. I know so much of you."

His head fell back on the pillow. "Move the light, will you?" he said. "There is nothing to do, and it hurts my eyes. We don't need a candle to talk by."

I rose and set the candle on a deal table in the passage outside. The door stood ajar; only a gleam of light fell through the opening. But though the moon was on the other side of the house its suffused whiteness filled the room, and through the open casement the light could be seen falling on a tree-covered hill that, rising just behind the hotel garden, defined its summit against the pale summer heavens. I took my place again beside Malet's bed. I could see his face plainly in the twilight as he lay with his head turned toward the window, his eyes fixed on the sky. For a time he was silent. He spoke again, quite suddenly.

"You never believed me about Lucy," he said. "For God's sake, Ambrose, don't speak of that again!" I cried in anguish. "Forgive me, forgive me the loss of all these years has been mine."

"No, no," he said; "it is no matter. All is over now, and it is all one. Life, too, will be over in a few hours, and that is well. Strange," he went on after a pause, "that men should dread death as they do. I have thought so always; now that I am dying, I think so more than ever. To dread the unknown—when to know the unknown is the great and unattainable desire of life."

"Most men think otherwise," I said; "the love of life is strong."

"Yes, yes, I know it," he said, "and it is better so; it should be so. But something has gone wrong between me and life; I have felt a stranger in it always. Death is best."

He lay quiet again for a long while. His breathing was difficult and oppressed. Now and then the wind stirred the trees on the hill outside; the shadows slowly moved with the advancing night; otherwise all was still. But presently he began to turn restlessly in the bed; the hands, hot with fever, strayed over the counterpane. When he spoke again his mind was wandering a little.

"I suppose you go back to Oxford at once, old fellow," he said. "I should like to get back there if it were only for a day. My mother is dead, you know; poor mother! The meadows down by the river; it would be cooler there than here; we might have another walk together. Lucy—"

The words died away in a murmur; but all at once, half raising himself in bed: "No one has believed in me, no one has cared for me," he said, in a strange, loud, solemn voice, such as I have never heard him use before; "and knowledge is ignorance, and one drink and drinks and the eternal thirst is never quenched, never—"

He looked round wildly till, his eyes falling on me in the imperfect light, gradually full consciousness returned. He lay back quietly.

"Give me some water, will you, Frank?" he said, in an exhausted voice. "I did as he desired."

"I must have been asleep, I think," he said, as his head sank again on the pillow. "I should have liked to tell you all about my wanderings, Frank. I have wandered a good deal since we last met; but I suppose there won't be time. What o'clock is it?"

He felt under the pillow for his watch. I went to the door and, looking at my own watch by the candle outside, told him the hour.

"It is later than I thought," he said, and, again lay silent, his face turned to the window. I sat down beside him and took his hand in mine. He let it lie there. "Strange," he said again; "one lives alone, and one dies alone, and yet human fellowship is sweet. I like to feel your hand in mine, Frank."

He was growing weaker. I could see it by the look on his face, and by the way in which he was increasing difficulty with which he swallowed the cordial I gave him from time to time. I asked him presently whether he had any wishes I could fulfill.

"No," he said at first, then, "bury me here, of course," he said; "one spot of earth is like another, and there is no one at home to mourn for me."

"Don't say that," I said; "I—I broke down, and, laying my head on the counterpane, cried like a child. It distressed him. 'Don't,' he said twice, and in a minute I had conquered the weakness. 'I have longed for death,' he said, 'and now it has come. Yes, I am glad to die. Something was wrong between me and life; I could have made nothing of it. Death is best, and what comes after.'"

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one more effort, though what it cost me I could not say. It was a moment surely for angel's tongues to plead, and on my tongue the words seemed to weigh like lead.

"Lucy," I said, "surely, Mr. Malet's wish—"

"Don't!" she said very sharply, turning from me. "At least promise me," I said, laying a detaining hand on her shoulder, "that for her sake, as for your own, your life shall henceforward be different."

She turned suddenly, and seizing my hand without looking at me, wrung it with a convulsive sob. The next moment she had disappeared in the mist.

Stanford, Ky., May 7, 1886

E. C. WALTON, - Business Manager.

DOING THE DARLINGS JUSTICE.

The Trouble the Photographer Has with Infants—Happily—Fresco.

"Are you photographing many children nowadays?" was asked of a well-known photographer.

"Yes, the babies are pretty steady customers and among the most troublesome we have. Next to a middle-aged, plain-faced female, who wants ten years taken from her age and a large stock of beauty added to her tout ensemble, a young mother with her babe is the most aggravating person the photographer has to deal with. Not one in fifty thinks the photographer does her darling justice, for of course every mother has the sweetest, prettiest baby in the world.

They bring them to be photographed when there is scarcely any difference between the features of one and another, dress them up in lace and lawn, and prop them up with pillows. When they are posed there is scarcely anything visible but a bundle surmounted by a red face. Then the mamma complains that the camera will not fixate and make a cherub out of a frightened little morsel of humanity whose most salient characteristic is abnormal lung power. There is usually a great deal of time expended arranging the precious infant, prevailing upon it to smile, and allaying its fears. Mamma must generally stand close by to preserve order and add the finishing touches.

"Still, we do not have half the trouble photographing children that we used to have. The time necessary for taking a picture has been so reduced that, if we can catch a child in the right position and with a desirable expression for a moment, presto! the picture is taken and there we are. By the old method we used to require so much more time that it was next to an impossibility to get a really good picture of a baby. They were certain to move and blur some of the features, or begin to cry and produce a lamentable failure. In those days the artist had to be a diplomatist up to all sorts of wily expedients to keep an infant still and to produce a pleasant expression on its little physiognomy. When he removed the cap with one hand he had to exhibit in the other a jumping-jack or some bright colored toy to engage attention or else he diverted the infant's mind by whistling like a mocking bird, or otherwise foolishly diverting himself. That sort of thing is largely done away with, but children make very bad subjects for the camera all the same."—Chicago Tribune Interview.

The President and His Autograph.

One of the most pleasant yet difficult duties the president has to perform is appeasing the autograph craze. Doorkeeper Loeffler generally has a dozen or so autograph albums lying on his table. When the president comes to his office in the morning Loeffler takes in his little load, and if the president appears to be in a good humor he lays them on the table, and the president, with a laugh and some remark about the craze, writes his signature nearly always this way:

Grover Cleveland, Feb. 27, 1886.

When the books have all been signed Loeffler takes them to his desk and keeps them until they are called for. The president sometimes varies the way of writing his autograph, occasionally following the date by "executive mansion" or "white house," but never putting "president" before or after his name. A great many of the autograph books are left by senators, members and other high officials, but almost every caller has a book in which they want the president's signature. If all these were sent in the labor would keep the president busy for twenty-five hours in the day, but Mr. Loeffler has a way of keeping the people off. The president never refuses to sign his name in the books, but not more than half a dozen at a time are taken in to him, and these only about three days in a week.—Washington Post.

Strengthening Memory by Association.

There is a good story going the rounds at the expense of a young Bangor sportsman, who has several bad habits, one of which is forgetfulness and the other playing the festive and eminently American game of poker. One evening one of their regular poker party brought in a stranger by the name of Soule. Our friend, knowing his own weakness for names and afraid that he would make some mistake during the evening, taxed his brain to the utmost in order to fix the name in his memory, and in this attempt he was aided by what he thought was a very bright idea. The old expression, "Corporations have no souls," occurred to him, and by keeping this saying in mind he was able to remember the stranger's name.

This plan worked first rate for a time, but as the game waxed merrier and a pair of aces got to be worth the limit there came a time when our friend could not think of the stranger's name for the life of Minerva, at this time he was a little fuddled, but he felt he must know how many cards the stranger took. Like a flash that saying came into his mind, and breathing a sigh of relief he said blandly, "Excuse me, Mr. Corporation, how many did you draw?" The laugh that followed showed the forgetful youth his mistake, and as his only way out of it he explained to the whole matter to the board and ordered some more all round.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Copying Features of English Life.

This custom of introducing hired entertainers into private houses is growing rapidly, and as it is one of the features of English life, it is, of course, "the swell thing," but it is well to notice that no actor of American birth and training can be lined to this class of work. Rich people on the other side, who are not able to amuse themselves, introduce these professionals into their houses and people of wealth in this city with little capacity for doing something interesting themselves are rapidly following their example.

The acquisition of wealth in this country seems to draw our citizens toward the customs that have grown to be second nature on the other side. For instance, while the older rich men of the metropolis were drivers on the road and loved to sit behind a fast trotter, the younger generation are all steeplechase riders and love to gallop across the country on what they call "hunts." This new phase of life for the young bloods is growing very rapidly.—Frank Burr in Philadelphia Times.

The Ventilation of a School-Room.

Some years ago, a glass half full of lime water was placed upon the teacher's desk in each of the six rooms of a large school. A single glass was left on the desk of the laboratory as a check. At the end of one hour they were all collected and examined. Had the air in the rooms continued pure, the glasses would have been as clear as when placed upon the desks. But all were somewhat turbid; one had a thick scum; and one had the lime so completely turned to chalk that a stream of pure carbonic acid produced no more precipitate. What did it all mean? Simply that the air in all these rooms was loaded with death-dealing carbonic acid.—Leroy F. Griffin in The Current.

THE PRESENTIMENT OF DEATH.

Circumstances Attending the Death of Young Bayard at Mount Vesuvius.

The subject of presentiment concerning death and fatality in families spoken of in Hancock's case recalls some points in the Bayard history. Few families have been more debilitated by sudden death than the Bayards, and in many instances there have been forebodings and presentiments. It is said that Miss Bayard wrote a letter indicating her approaching death. There are now in Washington many old naval officers who remember the interesting circumstances attending the death of Miss Bayard's cousin, Charles C. Bayard, at Mount Vesuvius. He was the favorite son of Richard Bayard, of Philadelphia, whose father and Secretary Bayard's father were brothers.

In 1843, while on board the United States ship Congress, in company with several young friends from on board, he made the ascent of Mount Vesuvius. It was the same Congress that went down in Hampton Roads before the Merrimack, and in the party was the same Joseph Smith, who, as commander of the Congress, had his head taken off by a cannon ball, and of whom his father said, when he heard that the Congress was taken: "Then Joe is dead." In the party also was Lehman B. Ashmead, of Philadelphia, with whom young Bayard afterward went to Jerusalem to visit the Holy Sepulcher. While there they both had tattooed on their arms by an old dragoman the heraldic arms of Jerusalem, with the date of their visit. In the case of young Bayard the tattooed cross developed virulent features, festering, and finally he became sick and the arm became greatly swollen. He continually declared that he would die, and even after it appeared to grow entirely well he was in the habit of saying to Mr. Ashmead and other friends: "This arm will be the death of me yet."

Ten years afterward young Bayard left for a cruise in the Columbia, as flag lieutenant of Commander Morris. Before leaving he took a sad farewell of all his friends here, and declared to one and all that "they would never see him again." He was very dejected and despondent. Ten years to a day from his previous visit, in company with young Carroll Tucker, of Maryland, and a few friends, the Columbia being then at Naples, he made the ascent of Vesuvius during an eruption. With him were Rear Admiral Simpson and Rear Admiral Calhoun, who were then lieutenants. He had the arm of a Prussian army officer. He was quite lame. Just near the Hermitage sea, he had halted ten years before the party stopped, finding it would be dangerous to go nearer the crater. As they were turning, a mass of lava and rock struck young Bayard on the arm where he had been tattooed, cutting it fearfully and obliterating the cross, and before the party could reach the foot of the volcano he died. His mother is still living, upward of 60 years of age. His body is buried near the foot of Vesuvius—Philadelphia Times.

What Jay Gould Says of Yachting.

Jay Gould was in the library of his Fifth Avenue residence when your correspondent got into his presence. "If you desire to obtain an interview on the railroad strike," he said, with polite decision, save the effort of pertinacity, for I positively won't talk on that subject for publication. Whatever is to be said from the company's side of the matter must come out of the company. You must excuse me." The visitor suggested that his views on railroading generally would be interesting for the public to read. "All right," Mr. Gould replied, "just make me say that if steam yachting in my Atlantic could be done by everybody everywhere, all over the continent, I would sell my railroad holdings at a sacrifice. Suppose that canals for the swift vessels could be dug alongside all the railroads in the country, who would ride any more in cars? I've just returned from a cruise in my yacht, and the highest luxuries known to land transit are discomforts compared with skimming along, as swiftly as the average train, with no dust or jolt. Oh, railroads are useful but for purposes of pleasure I shall forevermore despise them. And who knows seriously, now—that some time or other we may have a superior railroad train for fast and comfortable travel."—Cincinnati Enquirer Interview.

Danish Superstition Concerning Riches.

If you would be rich you must go out on Twelfth Night to a cross road where five ways meet, one of which leads to a church; and you must take with you in your hands a gray catkin and an axe. When you reach the cross road you must sit down on the catkin, the tail of which must be extended in the direction of the road which leads to the church yard. Then you must look fixedly at the axe which must be made as sharp as possible.

Toward midnight, the goblins will come in multitudes and put gold in great heaps around you, to try and make you look up, and they will chatter, grin, and grin at you. But when at length they have failed in causing you to look aside, they will get to take hold of the tail of the catkin and drag it away with you upon it. Then you will be fortunate if you can succeed in cutting off the tail with the axe without looking about you and without damaging the axe. If you succeed the goblins will vanish, and all the gold will remain by you. Otherwise, if you look about you or damage the axe, it will be all up with you.—Chambers' Journal.

Quaint Fancies of Famous Composers.

Sacchini worked surrounded by his pet cat.

Pacelli composed his best music while lying in bed.

Aster composed while on horseback, riding at full gallop.

Sarti found that his imagination had freer vent in a dark room.

Meyerbeer drew his finest inspirations from a thunder-storm.

Adolphe Adam got his ideas while buried under an elder down quilt.

Sir Arthur Sullivan is addicted to Bass' ale and the sofa while he is composing.

Gluck composed his best out of doors in a meadow with his piano and a bottle of champagne.

Wagner, when composing his historical operas, arrayed himself in the appropriate mediæval garb.—New York Graphic.

Inventor of the Ball-Catcher's Mask.

The mask which base-ball catchers now wear was the invention of Fred Thayer. He was training the Harvard nine in the winter of 1876, when Harold Ernest, one of the fastest of pitchers, was on the nine. Jim Tyng, who caught, said that he would not stand behind the bat unless he could get some sort of protection for his face. The result was that Thayer fixed up a sort of cage, which has gradually become the improved mask of to-day.—Chicago Tribune.

Beards in the French Army.

Gen. Boulanger, minister of war, has resolved to sanction beards in the French army. Officers and sergeants may wear any amount of beard, provided it be not long enough to conceal the number of their regiments on their collar. For privates there is no restriction. Side whiskers, however, must not be worn alone, and short hair, especially behind, is still compulsory.—Chicago Journal.

It cost \$108,949,538 to conduct the public schools of the United States in 1884.

THE ALABAMA'S CAREER.

STORY OF THE CONFEDERATE PRIVATEER'S CRUISE AND COMBATS.

Account by One of the Crew—Remark of an Old Tar—Semmes' Exhortation—Sinking the Hatteras—When the Alabama Met the Kearsarge.

In the Century the story of the cruise and combats of the Confederate steamer Alabama is retold briefly, and in an extremely interesting way. The contributors to the account are Dr. J. M. Brown, surgeon of the Kearsarge; Capt. J. M. Keel, executive officer of the Alabama, and Mr. P. D. Haywood, one of the Alabama's crew. This looks at first like two on one side and one on the other, but Mr. Haywood seems more like an observer of the American domestic quarrel than like an advocate. His few pages, which are of unusual interest, and apparently of no little historic value, let in a striking light upon the Alabama's cruise.

Mr. Haywood, who was dragged out of the water when the ship went down, by "a brawny fellow in petticoats and top boots," belonging to a French pilot boat that came to the rescue of the swimmers, says that what astonished him when he reached Cherbourg was to find Englishmen there playing him with questions designed to depreciate the Kearsarge's victory.

REMARK OF A GRIM OLD TAR.

"One grim old tar, who had been quartermaster in the royal navy, and was saved because she was a better ship, better manned, had better guns, better served; that's about the size of it, and he walked away. I have seen somewhere an account of the taking of the Hatteras, that made it a daring achievement. To sneak up to an enemy under a false hull and pour in a broadside of metal much heavier than she could return—surely no English sailor will see anything to the national credit in this. The poor show we made with the Kearsarge, however, disposed of the glory we achieved in burning defenceless merchantmen."

When Haywood signed in Liverpool the articles that made him one of the crew of the "90," afterward the Alabama, the shipping master warned him against Yankee spies, and assured him that Great Britain would soon declare war against the United States.

"Next day I went aboard, and liked the look of the vessel. Everything to a practiced eye, indicated the character of the ship. No platforms were laid, but the place for the pivot guns were plainly marked; her magazines were finished and shot boxes were lying about."

At Texeira an English bark brought her guns and war material, and more men and the captain came by another vessel. Then, leaving Angra on a Sunday morning, the Britons for the first time saw the flag they were to fight under, and heard the first of her exhortations:

"He told us, among other things, that Providence would bless our endeavors to free the south from the Yankee, etc. A boatwain's mate behind me growled, 'Yass, Providence likely to bless this yer crew!' During the night some one ornamented a broad bag with a terrific skull and crossbones, and managed to fasten it to one of the mizen braces. In the morning the master-at-arms was hunting for the delinquent, but the men only laughed at him, and suggested that 'Chucks, the maxine,' had been at his tricks. I had been looking over the crew, and made up my mind that, on the whole, I had never been on a ship with such a bad lot. They were all sailors from claw to ear—no haymakers among them—but they were mostly of that class, found in seaport towns all over the world, that ship for ship 'run' from port to port, and not for the voyage, and are always a rough, mutinous set. They did not seem to care for the ship's officers, and were determined to stand no 'man-o'-war dicker' from them.

TWENTY-TWO MONTHS OF SUCCESS.

The wonder is that Capt. Semmes accomplished so much. Mr. Haywood acknowledges his "judgment and resolution," as shown by twenty-two months of success, and in First Lieut. Keel he had an able executive officer. Fighting and fighting were not uncommon. Prisoners were always well treated, except that "the wanton destruction of the clothes and effects of captured sailors was simply disgraceful."

Of the fight with the Hatteras, Mr. Haywood's opinion has already been given. But when the Alabama met the Kearsarge there was a different sort of battle. This combat, the first ever fought between two ironclads, was a duel of ships evenly matched in size, 1,040 tons to 1,031 tons, but, repeating the familiar story of fifty years before, with the American vessel throwing a heavier weight of metal than the British from a smaller number of guns, with greater precision. The advantage in fertility of device was also with the Union ship.

For example, over a year before, Capt. Winslow, at the suggestion of Lieut. Commander Thornton, had the ship's sheet-chain hung outside over her boilers. This protective device was equally open to the Alabama, but nobody thought of it. Again, Mr. Haywood thinks that Semmes was somewhat "furious, and commenced firing too soon," when far away, in the hope to disable his antagonist by a broadside. Winslow returned his fire with a result thus described:

"The enemy directed around us and did not return our fire until within seven or eight hundred yards, and then she let us have it. The first shot that struck us made the ship reel and shake all over."

Capt. Keel considers that the glory of the victory was tarnished by the Kearsarge's firing several shots after the Alabama's colors were struck; but this was due, as Surgeon Brown explains, to the renewal of firing from the Alabama, either through disobedience of Capt. Semmes' orders or failure to understand them.—New York Sun.

A Novel Use for Bald Heads.

A novel use for bald heads has thus described: When the Crown Prince Henry William made a sort of royal progress through United Germany, at the close of hostilities with France, each town worth its neighbor in presenting some novelty worthy of honor to his imperial highness. One captainmeister conceived the idea of utilizing the ancient opera goers, and upon the entrance of the prince into the box, already decorated for him, some men in the pit stood up, making the letters "Unser Fritz" in bald heads below.—Exchange.

A Bald-Necked Old Bill Horse.

J. F. Copeland's "Old Bill" is not so famous as the "Old Bill" Jackson's "Old Bill," just died, but he is older. He carried Mr. Copeland through the war, received some flesh wounds, and now passes a pleasant old age near Corinth, Ga. He is 42 years old and quite bald as to neck and tail.—Exchange.

Some preachers put's me in mine o' er tailor dat makes er coat ter suit hissef, an' den tries ter make er cruder man wa'y it whuther it fits him er not.—Arkansas Traveler.

The staliest egg in this world is in Washington. It was found in a guano bed and is 1,000 years old.

A LITTLE MEXICAN FLOWER GIRL.

A Little Tale Told by the Poet of the Sierras—Mexico's Poverty.

I have been flirting desperately with a strange, beautiful little rosebud girl of about 7½ years, who stood always on the door of this old convent as I went out, and sold me, for 1 cent, the richest little rosebud and greenest little leaf for my buttonhole I ever laid eyes on. One day, after I had gotten a few dollars in my jacket, I felt I had been a little mean, and so I made the price 5 cents. Well! You should have seen those shining black eyes! You should have seen her pretty teeth; about fifty of them. And the color of delight that came to her tawny little face would have made the fortune of any painter in this world who could have caught it. I promised her then and there that, sick or well, rain or shine, she should surely and certainly always sell at least 5 cents worth of flowers so long as I remained and had a 5-cent silver piece to buy with. This dropped her eyes entirely. People cry at such trifles here.

I told some ladies about this smart and patient child; and she has shoes and stockings now. She also has a neat little calico dress, and has had her glorious shock of hair thinned out and completely combed. Did I forget to say that the only dress that this child had for all the weeks that she sold me the flowers for 1 cent was simply an old gummy bag with a hole cut through the end for the head; the arms quite naked?

And yet this artistic little thing had gathered the coarse garment about her so decently, and had always stood so meekly modestly, lifting her vast, swimming eyes, pushing back her black, heavy hair with her left hand as she begged her roses with her right, that I really never had known quite so miserably she was clad. And this is also partly owing to the fact that she is only one of thousands. There is so much poverty here—much wealth, it is true, but most dreadful, hopeless, and dismal poverty. At the same time I am clearly convinced that there is much more happiness to the square acre here than in New York, Washington, or any other American city in the United States.—Joachim Miller's Mexico Letter.

The Country's Consumption of Oranges.

Reference was made in a former letter to the chances of an over-production of oranges in Florida. Here are some figures stumbled on and given by a grower: Florida has never produced over 1,250,000 boxes, at an average of 150 to the box, which make a grand total of oranges in the last ten years about 7,500,000 boxes or 187,500,000 oranges, this being a large estimate for the production of Florida oranges in ten years, total. Last year there were imported into New York city from foreign ports more than 70,000,000 oranges and lemons—Boston, 35,000,000; Philadelphia, 50,000,000; New Orleans, 30,000,000, making a grand total of oranges and lemons landed at three of our principal ports of over 187,500,000. The foreign fruit for one year imported equals the entire production of Florida for the past ten years. Add the crop of 1885, say, 18,000,000 oranges, to the 187,500,000 imported into four cities, and 50,000,000 estimated as landing at other ports, gives a grand total of oranges consumed in the United States 325,000,000. These divided by a population of 50,000,000, will give to each inhabitant just four-and-a-half oranges each, allowing nothing for loss or decay in handling and transporting.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

How Havana Hotels Are Conducted.

While the manner of conducting hotels in Havana is very unlike our way, the change is agreeable for a time. The breakfast meal is served at a table consisting of coffee and rolls or fruit being served to a guest before rising, if wished, the breakfast hour being at 10 o'clock and the dinner at 5. We were prepared to suffer martyrdom in the matter of food, but were pleasantly surprised to find most excellent fare, the steaks being better than the average at home, and the Cuban method of preparing fish simply superb. Pineapples, bananas, oranges, and an infinite variety of conserve, made from tropical fruits with unpronounceable names, together with a quart bottle of fair table wine to each two persons, rendered the table quite endurable, even though an hour or more was consumed in being served. In a warm climate like that of Cuba, it is not only desirable, but agreeable, to fall into native ways, and lounge at midday at the Spanish custom seems to be to smoke a cigarette between the courses, a style which some of our party were not slow in adopting.—Cuba Cor. Chicago Ledger.

A Ton of Executive Officers.

An assertion that the president and his cabinet weigh nearly a ton would seem at first glance rather a startling one, but it is not so far from the fact. The talk about the physical condition of Mr. Manning brings out the fact that he weighed at the time of his attack 335 pounds. He had gained over 25 pounds since he came into his position at the treasury. The president is not much behind him in weight. They are very much alike in figure, height, and general physical peculiarities. There are several of the cabinet members who must weigh nearly 100 pounds each. Secretary Lamar is tall, broad-shouldered, and well developed physically, and must tip the beam at about that figure. Garland is a big man, very tall and muscular. He is not far from 200 in weight. Bayard is not far behind him, neither is Endicott. Vilas and Whitney must average up about 175 pounds each. But the eight men—the president and his cabinet—on the scales, and you will find they do not fall many hundred weight below a ton.—Washington Cor. Cincinnati Times-Star.

Mission of the Peach Blow Vase.

The "mission" of the peach blow vase. What a lesson in it when rightly considered. Its rarity, coupled with its delicate beauty, commanded for the pretty trifle the sum of \$18,000. And yet the cost of the clay and the color did not exceed 10 cents. All the rest was for the secret of the combination, the knowledge and art of the common potter of two centuries ago. If it was not lost peach blow vases would not command a higher price than another common hand-drawn or ornamented. If the secret is gone there is left for the thoughtful workman a thing almost as precious—this striking evidence of the value that his unconscious efforts may acquire in the world of art. The peach blow vase is the incarnation of the dignity of labor.—Cor. Kansas City Journal.

When Our Forests Are Gone.

As a last resource, when the forests shall be thinned to the point of extinction, we shall have the ore beds and smelting furnaces to fall back upon, and iron cars will at last become a necessity, their cheapness and durability will be recognized, and the weary waiting of their many sanguine advocates abundantly rewarded. But we are sorry to say that both cars and advocates must tide their time, as it is not yet.—National Car-Builders.

Lead Poisoning from the Millstones.

Cases of lead poisoning in Paris have been traced to bread and flour, certain holes in the millstones which ground the grain having been filled up with lead.

Somebody told me the date on your label is d d 50. I think you mean our date. "Owe no man anything."

IN NORTH CAROLINA.

NOTES FROM AN OBSERVER SOJOURNING IN PINEVILLE.

Euclid in a Fit of Delirium Tremens—Singular Uncertainty of Statistics—The Poorest of the "Poor White" Inhabitants—An Underbred Race.

When the original engineers surveyed this country timber was very thick and run very cheap—or, if not run, apple brandy, which was the patriotic colonial and Revolutionary drink. The result was a set of boundary lines which reminded one of Euclid in a fit of delirium tremens. Instance the line I am now on or near, between the two Carolinas, which in its entire course runs to every point of the compass, besides forming an arc in one place and following the meanderings of a creek in another. And no one knows why it was so located.

But the lines of farms are still more mysterious. To an Indiana or Illinois man they seem the very madness of perverse ingenuity, it is not a strange thing that in royal and colonial times no one ever thought of as simple an expedient as leaving out land, day's walk from the line, in the course of time and changes by sale and trade most of the farms have got into some convenient shape; but the habit of speech it more enduring than the habit of action, and very few people direct a traveler by the points of the compass. Their instructions abound in "down the creek," "over the next creek," "around to other side of the swamp," and so on. And very few planters know just how much land they own; it is sold or rented on estimates, and sometimes a survey will show a variation of fifty acres.

This singular uncertainty runs through the most of the statistics of North Carolina. You always have to discount or add a percentage to make them square with the reason of things. Apparently there never is as much gold produced from a mine or as much corn from an acre as last year's statistics present. It depends so largely upon the temperament of the man who gives the figures; and surely there is no other state where big men are so ready to give big figures or little men feel so awfully little and small spirited as in North Carolina. Take one of these little, peaked-nosed, stoop-shouldered, and weakened fellows who "crop it" on these pine flats, and he certainly can take the most narrow, contracted views of the universe of any creature outside of Lilliput. That the world is nearly 25,000 miles around and contains some 1,400,000,000 people is a conception he could not possibly take in—though he would assent to it instantly if some man of imposing air stated it confidently.

AN UNDERBRED AND UNDERDRESS PEOPLE.

He has less color in his face, less spring in his walk, and less "tone" in his speech than the native of any section I have visited. His peculiar grayish or mealy, talloish complexion is a mystery to me. Many pretend it is due to the climate; but that is an evident error, as the well-to-do people are noticeably ruddy, and certainly it should be more healthful in the pines than in the darker lands I am situated. It is the result of defective nourishment, from generation to generation. They have scant food, and don't know how to cook that. "Jowl and greens," with butter-milk, is their feast at this season, corn-bread and "fry" (fried bacon) their standard. Not one family in three has a vegetable garden worthy the name. Not one house in ten has a grass plot or shrubbery around it. It isn't a good day's walk from Charlotte to this piney and strip, yet it is from the nineteenth to the sixteenth century.

I like backwoods people if they have the flavor of the woods, for if well fed and housed they always have a primitive humor that is racy of the soil, and their homely wit is worth a long walk to hear. But the Carolinian of the pines seems totally destitute of that humor, which charms even in the negroes of the black lands. He is essentially a sad being. Evidently he does not enjoy this world, though I rarely hear him speak of a better. That the race is underbred is clearly shown by the fact that those graceful curves are lacking which mark nearly all natural human forms—that is there is no swell of soft flesh here and there to finish off the body. Arm or leg is straight, and the circumference for its entire length. In right of me as I write it is an adult female of the species. Fit a ring tight around her just under the arms, and it would slide to her heels and touch evenly all the way. Near by is her husband, chopping wood with such an indescribable over-the-head sweep that I can not tell whether he is right or left handed.—"Farke's" Letter in Chicago Times.

The King and His Doctors.

A good story is told of King Ernest of Hanover. He was seriously ill, and saw numerous doctors, but he would not take any medicine. As any bottle or powder was brought, his majesty said, "Put it in the cupboard," and again and again it was "Put in the cupboard." Not one drop was touched. Starring patients were only remedies resorted to. At last his majesty got his good turn, and began to feel that he could eat again with a relish, and by degrees nature flung off the disorder, whatever it was, which had run its course. His majesty was up and dressed early, and at business. "Get all those bottles, powders, and pill-boxes out of the cupboards," he said, "and range them in a row round the room." It was a very small room, and they almost made a circle round the walls. The doctors came in, snickering and smiling, and congratulating the king upon being up again and looking so well. "Yes, doctors," said his majesty, "thank God it is so. But look—count it up. Don't you think if I had taken all that stuff I should have been dead long ago?"—Foreign Letter.

Management of a Circus Company.

A contrast between the old days and the new is rather vividly set forth by the manager of a popular circus company: "Our business has become a science. Instead of using a limited number of old spavined horses to drag wagons over country roads, we now use railway cars. We have eighty cars of our own, hiring only the motive power, and are whirled through twenty states in the course of one season. We have a tent which, instead of accommodating 1,500 persons, covers easily 21,000 persons. Instead of one small ring, we have three large ones, an elevated stage and a hippodrome racing track. We have two menageries, a herd of elephants, 450 horses to draw wagons and chariots, and twenty-six tents, besides sleeping cars and hotel cars. Our pay-roll contains nearly 800 names, and our expenses each day amount to \$7,000. The capital invested is \$1,000,000."—The Argonaut.

A Place Up Among the A's.

George Ebers, the biographer of Almatadema, says that Alma is a fancy name adopted by the painter partly because it has a pleasing sound and partly because it enables him to have his pictures entered on the first page of art catalogues.—Philadelphia Press.

Soundings in the South Pacific.

A line of soundings just completed across the Pacific from New Zealand to the straits of Magellan, by Commander Barker, U. S. N., found 3,000 fathoms near Chatham Island, the greatest depth.—Exchange.

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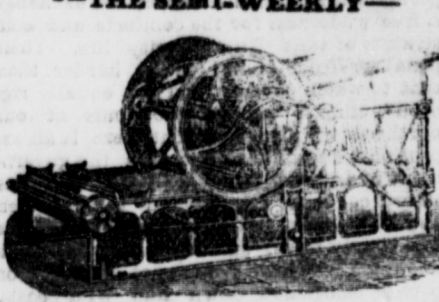
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DOING THE DARLINGS JUSTICE.

The Trouble the Photographer Has with Infants—Happens—Presto.

"Are you photographing many children nowadays?" was asked of a well-known photographer.

"Yes, the babies are pretty steady customers and among the most troublesome we have. Next to a middle-aged, plain-faced female, who wants ten years taken from her age and a large stock of beauty added to her tout ensemble, a young mother with her babe is the most aggravating person the photographer has to deal with. Not in a fit—thinks the photographer does her darling justice, for, of course, every mother has the sweetest, prettiest baby in the world.

They bring them to be photographed when there is scarcely any difference between the features of one and another, dress them up in lace and lawn, and prop them up with pillows. When they are posed there is scarcely anything visible but a bundle surrounded by a sea of lace. Then the mamma complains that the camera will not idealize and make a cherub out of a frightened little morsel of humanity whose most salient characteristic is abnormal lung power. There is usually a great deal of time expended arranging the precious infant, prevailing upon it to smile, and allaying its fears. Mamma must generally stand close by to preserve order and add the finishing touches.

"Still, we do not have half the trouble photographing children that we used to have. The time necessary for taking a picture has been so reduced that, if we can catch a child in the right position and with a desirable expression for a moment, presto! the picture is taken and there we are. By the old method, we used to require so much more time that it was next to an impossibility to get a really good picture of a baby. They were certain to move and blur some of the features, or begin to cry and produce a lamentable failure. In those days the artist had to be a diplomatist up to all sorts of wily expedients to keep an infant still and to produce a pleasant expression on its little physiognomy. When he removed the cap with one hand he had to exhibit in the other a jumping-jack or some bright colored toy to engage attention, or else he diverted the infant's mind by whistling like a mocking bird, or otherwise foolishly disporting himself. That sort of thing is largely done away with, but children make very bad subjects for the camera all the same."—Chicago Tribune Interview.

The President and His Autograph.

One of the most pleasant yet difficult duties the president has to perform is appeasing the autograph craze. Doorkeeper Lester generally has a dozen or so autograph albums lying on his table. When the president comes to his office in the morning Lester takes in his little load, and if the president appears to be in a good humor he lays them on the table, and the president, with a laugh and some remark about the craze, writes his signature nearly always this way:

Grover Cleveland,

Feb. 27, 1886.

When the books have all been signed Lester takes them to his desk and keeps them until they are called for. The president sometimes varies the way of writing his autograph, occasionally following the date by "executive mansion" or "white house," but never putting "president" before or after his name. A great many of the autograph books are left by senators, members and other high officials, but almost every caller has a book in which they want the president's signature. If all these were sent in the labor would keep the president busy for twenty-five hours in the day, but Mr. Lester has a way of keeping the people off. The president never refuses to sign his name in the books, as not more than a half dozen in the books are taken in to him, and these only about three days in a week.—Washington Post.

Strengthening Memory by Association.

There is a good story going the rounds at the expense of a young Bangor sport, who has several bad habits, one of which is forgetfulness and the other playing the festive and eminently American game of poker. One evening one of his regular poker party brought in a stranger by the name of Soule. Our friend, knowing his own weakness for names, and afraid that he would make some mistake during the evening, took his brain to the utmost in order to fix the name in his memory, and in this attempt he was aided by what he thought was a very bright idea. The old expression, "corporations have no souls" occurred to him, and by keeping this saying in mind he was able to remember the stranger's name.

This plan worked first rate for a time, but as the game waxed merrier and a pair of aces got to be worth the limit there came a time when our friend could not think of the stranger's name for his life. Mind you, at this time he was a little fuddled, but he felt he must know how many cards the stranger took. Like a flash that saying came into his mind, and breathing a sigh of relief he said blandly, "Excuse me, Mr. Corporation, how many did you draw?" The laugh that followed showed the forgetful youth his mistake, and as his only way out of it he explained the whole matter to the board and ordered some more all round.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Copying Features of English Life.

This custom of introducing hired entertainers into private houses is growing rapidly, and as it is one of the features of English life it is, of course, "the swell thing," but it is well to notice that no actor of American birth and training can be fitted to this class of work. Rich people on the other side, who are not able to amuse themselves, introduce these professionals into their houses and people of wealth in this city with little capacity for doing something interesting themselves are rapidly following their example.

The acquisition of wealth in this country seems to draw our citizens toward the customs that have grown to be second nature on the other side. For instance, while the rider rich men of the metropolis were drivers on the road and loved to sit behind a fast trotter, the younger generation are all steeplechase riders and love to gallop across the country on what they call "hunts." This new phase of life for the young bloods is growing very rapidly.—Frank Burr in Philadelphia Times.

The Ventilation of a School-Room.

Some years ago, a glass half full of lime water was placed upon the teacher's desk in each of the six rooms of a large school. A single glass was left on the desk of the other side, who are not able to amuse themselves, introduce these professionals into their houses and people of wealth in this city with little capacity for doing something interesting themselves are rapidly following their example.

THE PRESENTIMENT OF DEATH.

Circumstances Attending the Death of Young Bayard at Mount Vesuvius.

The subject of presentiment concerning death and fatality in families spoken of in Hancock's case recalls some points in the Bayard history. Few families have been more depleted by sudden death than the Bayards, and in many instances there have been forebodings and presentiments. It is said that Miss Bayard wrote a letter indicating her approaching death. There are now in Washington many old naval officers who remember the interesting circumstances attending the death of Miss Bayard's cousin, Charles C. Bayard, at Mount Vesuvius. He was the favorite son of Richard Bayard, of Philadelphia, whose father and Secretary Bayard's father were brothers.

In 1843, while on board the United States ship Congress, in company with several young friends from on board, he made the ascent of Mount Vesuvius. It was the same Congress that went down in Hampton Roads before the Merrimack, and in the party was the same Joseph Smith, who, as commander of the Congress, had his head taken off by a cannon ball, and of whom his father said, when he heard that the Congress was taken: "Then Joe is dead." In the party also was Lehman B. Ashmead, of Philadelphia, with whom young Bayard afterward went to Jerusalem to visit the Holy Sepulcher. While there they both had tattooed on their arms by an old dragoman the heraldic arms of Jerusalem, with the date of their visit. In the case of young Bayard the tattooed cross developed virulent features, festering, and finally he became sick and the arm became greatly swollen. He continually declared that he would die, and even after it appeared to grow entirely well he was in the habit of saying to Mr. Ashmead and other friends: "This arm will be the death of me yet."

Ten years afterward young Bayard left for a cruise in the Columbia, as flag lieutenant of Commander Morris. Before leaving he took a last farewell of all his friends here, and declared to one and all that "they would never see him again." He was very dejected and despondent. Ten years to a day from his previous visit, in company with young Carroll Tucker, of Maryland, and a few friends, the Columbia being then at Naples, he made the ascent of Vesuvius during an eruption. With him were Rear Admiral Simpson and Rear Admiral Calhoun, who were then lieutenants. He had the arm of a Prussian army officer. He was quite gay. Just near the Hermitage where he had halted ten years before, he stopped, finding it would be dangerous to go nearer the crater. As they were turning, a mass of lava and rock struck young Bayard on the arm where he had been tattooed, cutting it fearfully and obliterating the cross, and before the party could reach the foot of the volcano he died. His mother is still living, upward of 60 years of age. His body is buried near the foot of Vesuvius—Philadelphia Times.

What Jay Gould Says of Yachting.

Jay Gould is in the library of his Fifth avenue residence when your correspondent got into his presence. "If you desire to obtain an interview on the railroad strike," he said, with polite decision, save the effort of pertinacity, for I positively won't talk on that subject for publication. Whatever is to be said from the company's side of the case is put out on the ground. You must excuse me." The visitor suggested that his views on railroading generally would be interesting for the public to read. "All right," Mr. Gould replied, "just make me say that if steam yachting in my Atlanta could be done by everybody everywhere, all over the continent, I would sell my railroad holdings at a sacrifice. Suppose that canals for the swift vessels could be dug alongside all the railroads in the country, who would ride any more in cars? I've just returned from a cruise in my yacht, and the highest luxuries known to land transit are discomforts compared with skimming along, as swiftly as the average train, with no dust or jolt. Oh, railroads are useful but for purposes of pleasure I shall forevermore despise them. And who knows—seriously, now—that some time or other waterways may supersede railroad tracks for fast and comfortable travel."—Cincinnati Enquirer Interview.

Danish Superstition Concerning Rides.

If you would be rich you must go out on Twelfth Night to a cross road where five ways meet, one of which leads to a church; and you must take with you in your hands a gray calfskin and an axe. When you reach the cross-road you must sit down on the calfskin, the tail of which must be extended in the direction of the road which leads to the church yard. Then you must look fixedly at the axe which must be made as sharp as possible.

Toward midnight the goblins will come in multitudes and put gold in great heaps around you, to try and make you look up, and they will chatter, grin, and grin at you. But when at length they have failed in causing you to look aside, they will begin to take hold of the tail of the calfskin and drag it away with you upon it. Then you will be fortunate if you can succeed in cutting off the tail with the axe without looking about you and without damaging the axe. If you succeed the goblins will vanish, and all the gold will remain by you. Otherwise, if you look about you or damage the axe, it will be all up with you.—Chambers' Journal.

Quaint Fancies of Famous Composers.

Sacchini worked surrounded by his pet cat.

Pastello composed his best music while lying in bed.

Auber composed while on horseback, riding at full gallop.

Sarti found that his imagination had freer vent in a dark room.

Meyerbeer drew his finest inspirations from a thunder-storm.

Adolphe Adam got his ideas while buried under an elder down quilt.

Sir Arthur Sullivan is addicted to Bass and the sofa while he is composing.

Gluck composed best out of doors in a meadow, with his piano and a bottle of champagne.

Wagner, when composing his historical operas, arrayed himself in the appropriate medieval garb.—New York Graphic.

Inventor of the Ball-Catcher's Mask.

The mask which ball-catchers now wear was the invention of Fred Thayer. He was training the Harvard nine in the winter of 1876-7, when Harrold Ernst, one of the fastest of pitchers, was on the nine. Jim Tyng, who caught, said that he would not stand behind the bat unless he could get some sort of protection for his face. The result was that Thayer fixed up a sort of cage, which has gradually become the improved mask of to-day.—Chicago Tribune.

Beards in the French Army.

Gen. Boulanger, minister of war, has resolved to sanction beards in the French army. Officers and sergeants may wear any amount of beard, provided it be not long enough to conceal the number of their regiments on their faces. For privates there is no restriction. Side whiskers, however, must not be worn alone, and short hair, especially behind, is still compulsory.—Chicago Journal.

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THE ALABAMA'S CAREER.

STORY OF THE CONFEDERATE PRIVATEER'S CRUISE AND COMBATS.

Account by One of the Crew—Remark of an Old Tar—Semmes' Exhortation—Sinking the Hatteras—When the Alabama Met the Kearsarge.

In the Century the story of the cruise and combats of the Confederate steamer Alabama is retold briefly, and in an extremely interesting way. The contributors to the account are Dr. J. M. Brown, surgeon of the Kearsarge; Capt. J. M. Keil, executive officer of the Alabama, and Mr. P. D. Haywood, one of the Alabama's crew. This looks at first like two on one side and one on the other, but Mr. Haywood seems more like an observer of the American domestic quarrel than like an advocate. His few pages, which are of unusual interest, and apparently of no little historic value, let in a striking light upon the Alabama's cruise.

Mr. Haywood, who was dragged out of the water when the ship went down, by a brawny fellow in petticoats and top boots, belonging to a French pilot boat that came to the rescue of the swimmers, says that what astonished him when he reached Cherbourg was to find Englishmen there plying him with questions designed to depreciate the Kearsarge's victory.

REMARK OF A GRIM OLD TAR.

"One grim old tar, who had been quartermaster in the royal navy, and was saved because she was a better ship, better manned, had better guns, better served: that's about the size of it," and he walked away. I have seen somewhere an account of the taking of the Hatteras, that made it a daring achievement. To sneak up to an enemy under a false hull and pour in a broadside of metal much heavier than she could return—surely no English sailor will see anything to the national credit in this. The poor show we made with the Kearsarge, however, disposed of the glory we achieved in burning defenceless merchantmen."

When Haywood signed in Liverpool the articles that made him one of the crew of the "Alabama," afterward the Alabama, the shipping master warned him against Yankee spies, and assured him that Great Britain would soon declare war against the United States.

"Next day I went aboard, and liked the look of the vessel. Everything to a practiced eye, indicated the character of the ship. No platforms were laid, but the place for the guns were plainly marked; her magazines were finished and shot boxes were lying about."

At Terceira an English bark brought her guns and war material, and more men and the captain came by another vessel. Then, leaving Angra on a Sunday morning, the Britons for the first time saw the flag they were to fight under, and heard the first of Semmes' exhortations:

"He told us among other things, that Providence would bless our endeavors to free the south from the Yankee, etc. A boatswain's mate behind me growled, 'Yas, Providence likely to bless this yer crew.' During the night some one ornamented a broad bag with a terrific skull and crossbones, and managed to fasten it to one of the mizzen braces. In the morning the master-at-arms was hunting for the delinquent, but the men only laughed at him, and suggested that 'Chuck,' the mate, had been at his tricks. I had been looking over the crew, and made up my mind that, on the whole, I had never been on a ship with such a bad lot. They were all sailors from clew to ear—no haymakers among them—but they were mostly of that class, found in seaport towns all over the world, that ship for the 'run' (from port to port), and not for the voyage, and are always a bad influence. They did not seem to care for the ship's officers, and were determined to stand no 'man-o'-war dicker' from them."

TWENTY-TWO MONTHS OF SUCCESS.

The wonder is that Capt. Semmes accomplished so much. Mr. Haywood acknowledges his "judgment and resolution," as shown by twenty-two months of success, and in First Lieut. Keil he had a fine executive officer. Hazing and fighting were not uncommon. Prisoners were always well treated except that they wanted destruction of the clothes and effects of captured sailors was simply disgraceful.

Of the fight with the Hatteras, Mr. Haywood's opinion has already been given. But when the Alabama met the Kearsarge there was a different sort of battle. This combat, the first ever fought between screw-propelled war vessels in the open sea, was a duel of ships evenly matched in size, 1,040 tons to 1,031 tons, but, repeating the familiar story of fifty years before, with the American vessel throwing a heavier weight of metal than the British from a smaller number of guns, with greater precision. The advantage in fertility of device was also with the Union ship. For example, over a year before, Capt. Winslow, at the suggestion of Lieut.-Commander Thornton, had the ship's sheet-chain hung outside over her boilers. This protective device was equally open to the Alabama, but nobody thought of it. Again, Mr. Haywood thinks that Semmes was somewhat "hurried, and commenced firing too soon," when far away, in the hope to disable his antagonist by a broadside. Winslow reserved his fire with a result thus described:

"The enemy circled around us and did not return our fire until within seven or eight hundred yards, and then she let us have it. The result was that she struck us in the ship's bow and shook all over."

Capt. Keil considers that the glory of the victory was tarnished by the Kearsarge's firing several shots after the Alabama's colors were struck; but this was due, as Surgeon Brown explains, to the renewal of firing from the Alabama, either through disobedience of Capt. Semmes' orders or a failure to understand them.—New York Sun.

A Novel Use for Bald Heads.

A novel use for bald heads has thus described: When the Crown Prince Henry William made a sort of royal progress through United Germany, at the close of hostilities with France, each town vied with its neighbor in presenting some novelty by way of honor to his imperial highness. One capitalist conceived the idea of utilizing the ancient opera gowns and upon the entrance of the prince into the box, already decorated for him, some men in the pit stood up, making the letters "Unser Fritz" in bald heads below.—Exchange.

A Bald-Necked Old War Horse.

J. F. Copeland's "Old Bill" is not as famous as Stonewall Jackson's "Old Sorrel," just died, but he is older. He carried Mr. Copeland through the war, received some flesh wounds, and now passes a pleasant old age near Corinth, Ga. He is 43 years old and quite bald as to neck and tail.—Exchange.

Some preachers put me in mine o'er tailor dat makes er coat ter suit hissef, an' den tries ter make er muder man wa'r whether it fits him er not.—Arkansas Traveller.

The staliest egg in this world is in Washington. It was found in a guano bed and is 1,000 years old.

A LITTLE MEXICAN FLOWER GIRL.

A Little Tale Told by the Poet of the Sierra—Mexico's Poverty.

I have been lifting desperately with a strangely beautiful little rosewood girl of about 7 years, who stood always on the door of this old convent as I went out, and sold me, for 1 cent, the richest little rosebud and greenest little leaf for my buttonhole I ever laid eyes on. One day, after I had gotten a few dollars in my jacket, I felt I had been a little mean, and so I made the price 5 cents. Well! You should have seen her pretty teeth; about fifty of them. And the color of delight that came to her tawny little face would have made the fortune of any painter in this world who could have caught it. I promised her then and there that, sick or well, rain or shine, she should surely and certainly always sell at least 5 cents worth of flowers as long as I remained and had a 5-cent silver piece to buy with. This drew her big eyes entirely. People cry at such trifles here.

I told some ladies about this smart and patient child; and she has shoes and stockings now. She has also a neat little calico dress, and has had her glorious shock of hair thinned out and completely combed. Did I forget to say that the only dress that this child had for all the weeks that she sold me the flowers for 1 cent was simply an old raggy bag with a hole cut through the end for the head; the arms quite naked!

And yet this artistic little thing had gathered the coarse garment about her so decently, and had always stood so meekly modestly, lifting her vast, swimming eyes, pushing back her black, heavy hair with her left hand as she hugged her roses with her right, that I really never had known quite how miserably she was clad. And this is also partly owing to the fact that she is only one of thousands. There is so much poverty here—much wealth, it is true, but most dreadful, hopeless, and dismal poverty. At the same time I am clearly convinced that there is much more happiness to the square acre here than in New York, Washington, or any other American city in the United States.—Joachim Miller's Mexico Letter.

The Country's Consumption of Oranges.

Reference was made in a former letter to the chances of an over-production of oranges in Florida. Here are some figures stumbled on and given by a grower:

"Florida has never produced over 1,250,000 boxes, at an average of 150 to the box, which makes a grand total of oranges in the last ten years about 7,500,000 boxes, or 187,500,000 oranges, this being a large estimate for the production of Florida oranges in ten years, total. Last year there were imported into New York city from foreign ports more than 70,000,000 oranges and lemons—Boston, 35,000,000; Philadelphia, 50,000,000; New Orleans, 30,000,000, making a grand total of oranges and lemons landed at three of our principal ports of entry of 187,500,000. The foreign fruit for one year imported equals the entire production of Florida for the past ten years. Add the crop of 1885, say, 18,000,000 oranges, to the 187,500,000 imported from four cities, and 50,000,000 estimated as landing at other ports, gives a grand total of oranges consumed in the United States 255,000,000. These divided among a population of just 56,000,000, will give to each inhabitant just 4 oranges each, allowing for one year imported for loss or decay in handling and transporting.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

How Havana Hotels Are Conducted.

While the manner of conducting hotels in Havana is very unlike our way, the change is agreeable for a time. There are but two real meals per day, a lunch consisting of coffee and rolls or fruit being served to a guest before rising, if wished, the breakfast hour being at 10 o'clock and the dinner at 5. We were prepared to suffer martyrdom in the matter of food, but were pleasantly surprised to find most excellent fare, the steaks being better than the average at home, and the Cuban method of preparing fish simply superb. Pineapples, bananas, oranges, and an infinite variety of conserves made from tropical fruits being served to a guest before rising, if wished, the breakfast hour being at 10 o'clock and the dinner at 5. We were prepared to suffer martyrdom in the matter of food, but were pleasantly surprised to find most excellent fare, the steaks being better than the average at home, and the Cuban method of preparing fish simply superb. 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